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ROSALIND HUBERT;

OR

THE HILLSIDE TRAGEDY.

A STORY OF SUNSHINE AND SHADOW IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER XIX.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Away, away—through villages—over hills—through green woods—by orchards where the fruit, swelling in green balls, promised luxurious harvest—by farm-houses, as quiet and comfortable as the one upon the hill-side—by pastures, where the reposing herds had sought just such shelter as the old oaks used to afford—and, on on, until the sun hung low in the west, and a large town appeared ahead. Rosalind asked what place it was, and she was told it was Troy.

"Were in New York State, now," Gresham said, "and I think we shall soon be out of danger. I don't think our pursuers have been on our track to-day."

"Could they take me from another State?" the girl asked.

"Yes—if they could find you. Why—hem—no, they could take a murderer from Europe."

Rosalind bid her face away, and sobbed no more.

In a little while they came to the city, and when they stopped it was upon a pier by the river's side. A large steam-boat lay close at hand, with the steam over and near shrieking from her escape-valves, and her bell ringing. Great horns, and bells, and barrels were scattered about, and a score of men, with low burdens, were wheeling them on board.

"Is that the first bell, sir?" asked Goodson of a man who stood on the pier.

"Yes."

"And how long before the boat starts?"

"In fifteen minutes."

"Then we have no time to lose," said the hackney, turning to his companion.

So the two drew the plank, and when they reached the broad gangway, he took her aside by a pile of boxes while he went to buy tickets.

"Let me in there," she cried, pointing to a door where women were passing in.

"Hush! That is the ladies' cabin. Remember you are a boy!"

Rosalind shrank back into a corner, and Goodson left her. She saw him go to a little window, where there were a number of men coming and going, and she watched his movements until a new object arrested her attention. She became aware that some one was observing her, and on turning she saw a girl, whose large, black eyes were fixed upon her. She was a pretty girl, not more than seventeen or eighteen; very well dressed, and possessing one of the most beautiful faces Rosalind had ever seen. But the most striking feature about her were her large, black eyes. They had a strange, liquid luster, and, with the glossy, jetty hair, which hung in long ringlets over her temples and neck, they formed a marked contrast with the white, pale face. The poor fugitive could not bear the searching gaze of those eyes, and she turned away. She thought the girl made a motion to approach her, but the arrival of her uncle at that moment relieved her.

"Come, Rose. I've got a stateroom for you—a room where you'll be all alone and safe."

He spoke very kindly, and his tone and look had more of solicitude than usual. He led her up a flight of winding stairs into a large saloon, and then he turned into a narrow passage, and soon opened a door which had a number on it, and bade her go in. It was a neat, clean little place, with bright, white panels, a little square window, with a crimson curtain, while an easy sofa were two bunks, shaded by heavy draperies of crimson and white.

"There," said Goodson, "I think you will be very comfortable here. I will leave the key of the door on the inside, and you had better lock it when I go out. I must hurry away now, to see to my horse before the boat starts. If any one comes in my I will bring you some. You can unlock the door when I rap."

"Yes," replied the girl.

"And you had better not leave this room until I call you in the morning. You will be safer here, for there are many people on board the boat. You can look out from the window, and see the pretty sights."

"I shall stay in here, uncle."

"That's right. You'll be safer.—Good-by—for the present. Keep up a stout heart. We'll soon be out of danger."

Goodson spoke in an abrupt, hurried manner, but Rosalind supposed he only was in haste to see to his horse, and she thought little of it. When he was gone she turned the key in the lock, and then went to the window and pulled aside the curtain. She could see the river, with many boats passing to and fro, and saw the opposite bank in a small village, and the vessels at anchor along the shore. She was just turning away, with the intention of lying down, when there came a rap upon her door. She supposed her uncle had returned for something, and she hastened to open it.

"Let me in, in mercy's name!" uttered a voice, and in a moment more there large, strange, black eyes were fixed again upon her. But they had a prayerful, beseeching look, and there was fear and doubt upon the white face.

"Do not fear me," the stranger said, as she closed the door behind her, and turned the key. She then faced Rosalind, and again upon her face came moments in silence.

"Who are you?—What do you want?" lastly asked our heroine, trembling with apprehension, and shrinking away towards the window.

"I want girl!—I am unfortunate!" cried the girl, clasping her hands, and sinking upon her knees.

"*Joy!—Deliverance!*" repeated Rosalind, her own soul echoing with the words till she felt faint.

"Yes," returned the fair intruder, still upon her knees. "I am unfortunate, and in you I have come. I have seen no other face to which I dared turn. Oh! if you can, have compassion upon me, and turn me not away!"

Rosalind forgot her own terrible misfortune for the while, for the plea thus made touched her heart with a strange power.

"Arise," she said, stepping forward and taking the girl's outstretched hand. "Don't kneel to me. Come and sit by me, and tell me what I can do."

"You are not a man—not a boy!" the suppliant resumed, as she arose to her feet.

Rosalind hesitated, and trembled.

"*O—do not fear me!*" the other cried. "If you have a secret, it is safe with me. I know you were a girl, like myself, when I saw your face below. As true as God lives, I will not expose you!"

Rosalind fell upon the bosom of the speaker, and burst into tears. It seemed a terrible relief—a friendly voice—the first she had heard from one of her own sex for a long time—and she could no more have resisted the impulse than she could have resisted the sympathy that had sprung to life within her.

"You have guessed rightly," she murmured. "I am a female, as unfortunate as female can be; but if I was boy I will—only tell me how I can help you. I will do anything."

"I will," returned the girl, looking quickly around, "let no sleep here to-night!"

"I—I——"

"Perhaps you have a companion."

"Oh—I—feared he might see you here. Have you no place to sleep in?"

"Were then that," replied the suppliant, bowing her head in shame, even before the girl who was forced to wear a disguise, "I have no money."

"No money!"

"I must go to New York, and yet I cannot pay my fare. They will put me off the boat if they find me."

"Do you mean to New York city?" asked Rosalind, eagerly.

"Yes."

"And does this boat go there?"

"Of course it does. Are you not going there, too?"

"I—perhaps so. But—I don't know. The man in whom you war with me didn't tell me where we should stop. But— Please don't ask me any more. I am afraid to answer!"

"You are afraid of the man?"

"Yes, sir—out of him. He is good to me now."

Those black eyes looked as though their owner very much doubted this last assertion, but the doubt was not spoken.

At this point the bell, which had been ringing for some minutes, suddenly stopped, and there was a loud shouting of voices, a splashing of great paps in the water, and presently the boat began to groan and tremble like astonished monster.

"Are we going?" asked Rosalind, casting her eyes towards the window.

"Yes. We are already out," returned the other. "And I should be——"

"Stop," interrupted the girl, comprehending what her companion would say. "Perhaps you may stay here. But never mind for that. I have no money. I can repay it willingly. I will give you sufficient for your fare, and more, too; so, if that will help you, just aid me so."

The strange eyes gazed up again, full of honest, heart-felt earnestness, and the girl put out her hands and caught Rosalind about the neck.

"*Oh!*" she cried, "this is more than all. But I shall accept your offer, and, if you are going to New York, I will assist in paying you."

"Speak not of that, I pray. I have enough for one. Here—will this do? Tell me, if it will not. Speak truly, for God knows I mean well."

It was a five-dollar note, and as the fourteen girl held it in her hand, she cried in vain to utter her thanks, though her gratitude could not have been more fully expressed.

"Let us look out at the window," she said, when she had taken back the gift, and I am calm again. I will go and buy my ticket."

They both went to the window, and in a little while the boat stopped at a wharf before a large city, which Rosalind was informed was Albany. After they had left this place, and had passed much beautiful scenery, the stranger said she would go and pay her fare.

Rosalind felt as though she were losing a friend. She almost objected to her going, so much had this girl come.

"You will come back," she said, upon the impulse of this feeling.

"If you will let me, I should like to."

"Then you shall. I will be happy to have you. Come when he goes away."

The girl promised that she would do so, and then went out. Rosalind went back to the window, and was thankful for the grateful; but she was little of the scenery near. The sun had gone, and the stars were peeping out through the thin veil of twilight. She could see the shore, and the lights of the town, and the houses with lights in the windows, and she could see the vessels and the boats, and she could hear the voices of men and women as they passed. And she could see how the little boats, and even the larger craft, pitched and tossed when they fell into the spreading wake of the steamer's wheels. But she found not mind to dwell upon the air formed lamp and shift, and she began to shiver. So she closed the window, and went and sat down. After this she thought of the girl, and wondered if she had gone, and then that she was out in when the trust of a friend might be placed.

"She is one," said Rosalind to herself, "in whom there can be no natural tendency to evil. She would not sin of her own accord. She is strong in purpose, perhaps, weak in endurance, and want—weak in a seeking mood, but willful when opposed. I've got her in it. How they have—how they must—how they dare—and how soft they look in bows——"

And so was the girl, pondering when some one rapped upon her door. She arose and opened it, and—it was her uncle. It was Patrick McCarthy. He bore a tray in his hand, upon which were pie, cake and tea.

"Where is my uncle?" asked Rosalind, as she moved back to let the man enter. She spoke in a frightened tone, for she had a strange dread of this burly coachman.

"Bother his soul," replied Mr. McCarthy, setting the tray down upon the wash-stand, and spouting it in tones of virtuous indignation. "I await him he'd be left, shure, et he didn't hurry."

"Left?" repeated the girl, in alarm.

"Yes—left. How could he expect it otherwise with his wake galavorin' and powerful as long? I offered to take care of his hoss, and he jabers, he said no. He said he could do that same thing himself. As for me, he bate the boat, and now he'll be afther waitin' for the next one."

"The next one? When does that start?"

"Not 'it two good hours from this one; an' he's said he'd go over to Albany to take it, too. But didn't he astonish, Miss Rose. Do you but keep yer self all tight an' comfortable here, an' I'll see ye safe through. The bothersin' lusher! He got down upon the pier just as the boat cast off. Didn't ye hear him bellow?"

"No."

"But he did, though. He pulled like a good one. But three boats don't pull back for the lazy man. He reefed out to me, an' me sez, sez I, *Shure a thief!* That's the name of a hotel, the dear. He tuck me to stop there, an' he'd be on board by a respectable breakfast. An' so he will, for the Albany boat is faster nor this one, an' she'll run the chance of gettin' in about as soon as we, now. So don't be alarmed."

"But will my uncle be at the boat to take me to the hotel?"

"Didn't I tell ye I'd take ye there myself?"

"But we can stay on board the boat until he comes."

"He won't come in the boat, honey. He'll go right straight to the hotel, 'cause, d'ye see, he said I'd be sure an' take ye there. Ye ain't alowed on, be ye?"

"But, oh! why didn't my uncle come?"

"He passed Nagin, haven't I told ye? He couldn't do it."

"Must I——"

"But what?"

"He might have known——"

"But what I would him; but he thought he know'd better, an' now see what's come of it. But it don't make much difference. The hoss all the same, an' I'll see ye through. Isn't that right? Gracious! that's much pleasure for one than 'tis for you, for I'm a stranger tho in the sense of the likes of yerself. But I'll do the best, honey, an' that'll be good enough. Let think for a single moment what ye'd 'a done if ye'd been left here alone?"

Rosalind made no reply, and the man proceeded.

"Now I'll light yer lamp for ye, an' this I'll have a bill morsin', unless I come to take the lamp things away?"

"No, no—leave them till morning," urged the girl. "I shan't eat all this to-night. Please leave them."

"Just as you say."

With this the man took the brass lamp down from the bracket, and went out with it. He soon returned with it lighted, and when he had hung it up again, he said—

"Now ye turn in, Miss Rose, an' you pick down one o' them white, an' have the other burnin' all night if ye like. So now be sky. All will go right if ye have any sort o' confidence. There was'nt nobody thereabin ye, for there's nobody but myself aboard as knows anything at all about ye. So good night."

When the man was gone, and Rosalind had fastened the door she sank down into a chair, and tried to think; but so many doubts and fears, and hopes and possibilities, came rushing upon her, that she could call her thoughts into no regular channel. Only one idea seemed clearly fixed in her mind, and that was a dread of Patrick McCarthy. His thought of him as a serpent coiled up in her path. His eyes had glazed upon her like serpent's eyes, and his whole tone bore a fearfully remembered counterpart to her ear. She remembered, on that first night of her great joy, when the man of love had risen so hopefully and happily upon her—when she came from the green pastures with Albert, how the slimy, venomous ad-

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der had crawled on before her, and hidden beneath the door-stone. Again the glittering spots of the serpent passed before her—they danced at the tassel in the lamp-light—they mixed and mingled into wanted hues, and finally, as she sank lower down and covered her face, they changed to a darker hue, and the serpent was of the color of blood!

CHAPTER XX.

THE OUTCAST'S STORY.

For some time Rosalind sat in a sort of stupor, so completely was she overcome by the combined fear of present horrors and old memories, and when she was aroused, it was by a rap upon the door. She started quickly up, and a gleam of relief flashed across her lips, pale face as she admitted the homeless stranger.

"I have come," the girl said, after the door had been locked, "for I saw a man bring your supper, and then go away. But it was not the one I saw with you before. Will he come, too?"

"No," returned Rosalind, without hesitation, but betraying some uneasiness, "he has been left behind. In caring for his horse he lost the boat, and the man you last saw is his coachman. But he will come in the next boat."

Those black eyes were fixed upon Rosalind with an earnest gaze, as though they would look into her very soul; and before the scrutiny she thus moved, as though she spoke to herself.

"Come," continued our heroine, "you don't doubt me, I hope."

"Doubt you?" returned the other, sadly. "Oh no. No one could look into those sweet eyes of yours, and doubt you that."

"And your eyes would lead me to trust you," said Rosalind, smiling.

"Why so? My eyes are not like yours. They are full of fire and passion. Yours are full of love."

"And cannot you love?" Rosalind asked.

"Love? Yes! Oh! God!" the stranger one pressed her hand upon her heart, and in a moment more sobbed.

"Would to God that passion had been denied me, or that I had been given eyes that knew what 'twas to love! But let that pass. I may say no more."

Rosalind was startled by the strange look and tone of her companion; but sympathy was suppressed, and she affectionately took her hand.

"You have a friend in me—one who needs a friend."

"And I do love you," cried the homeless wanderer. "I loved you the moment you spoke kindly to me; and no act of yours could prevent me from loving and trusting you. Can you say the same to me?"

"I—I do," answered Rosalind, warmly. "But come—you have not been to supper."

"No. But I am not hungry—not faint."

"Stop. You shall not say so. I have here for you what I can ill afford myself—a meal's worth. Come—now don't deny me this boon. Take off your bonnet, and share my supper."

"On one condition."

"Name it."

"That you will assume your own——But no. I will not ask it."

"You were going to ask me to assume my own dress."

"Yes."

"I could not if I would, for they are all in my trunk, and that is in the care of my uncle. In other trunks, where we first came in. But" added Rosalind, with a faint smile, "I can lay down my habit as yours is." And as she spoke she pulled away the bonnet as she spoke, and the brown tresses fell in a shower upon her neck and shoulders.

"Oh!—how much better you look—so me; for you are now a girl in your own dress."

"And you will eat with me, won't you?"

"Yes—if you insist upon it."

So they moved their chairs up to the wash-stand and commenced their repast, and when they had both eaten sufficient there was some left.

"You are robbing yourself for me," said the guest.

"Nay," returned Rosalind, with a shake of the head, "I feel as though I were doing that. I can eat not more. I have eaten more to-night than I have known myself to eat for many days. Your company has given me an appetite."

"And I should give you more and joy."

"Also I fear that cannot come till the poor life is done?" replied Rosalind, with a serious look.

Again those strange eyes gazed as before, only this time more long and intently.

"Will you tell me your story?" Rosalind asked, growing almost unwary.

"Perhaps that," would do you better. I would be your friend. I, who have no friend on earth but myself, would be a friend to you. Trust me—trust me; and I will trust you; and if you have aught to tell that would have other ears, I shall be locked up in this house as sacredly as ever priest kept the confessional. I know not why it is, but something tells me I may help you. Will you not tell me your name?"

The stranger in the outer-burdened soul more granted than a confidant—one to whom the whole story of sorrow may be told without fear and with assurance of sympathy. It may give no hope; but it gives consolation and relief, as a lull in the firestorm gives renewed strength to the shipwrecked mariner, even though help be not in sight, and only a single plank twixt him and death. Rosalind felt this sensation. The terrible secret that had been forced upon her was eating away her life,—not that her soul refused the keeping, but because she wanted sympathy. She gazed once more into the dark eyes of her companion, and, stranger as she was—actual and wanderer though she might be—she resolved to trust her—to trust her fully, and win all her confidence and

(To be continued.)

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love. She stretched forth her hand, and in the fulness of her soul she said—

"I know I may trust you. My name is Rosalind Hubert."

"And mine is Jane Lillton," returned the other, in a fond, loving tone. "And now I am going to tell you my story. Listen, for it has a deep lesson. Would you like to hear it?"

Indeed I should," answered Rosalind, with a look of interest which would have much of the shadow upon her face. "I will be your friend, too."

"You have been—you are," cried Jane, warmly. "But I will tell you. You know you have promised that nothing could prevent you from hearing me."

"Fear not, Jane. I will love you after all."

"Well," the wanderer commenced, "I was born far away in the country—in Vermont. There were only two children of us—a brother and myself—and when I was three years old my mother died. My father only lived a year after that, and then I was sent to live with an uncle—an only brother of my father. He was a stern, austere man; a deacon in the church; and measured everything by his own standard of righteousness. He read how he had no conception. In all his prayers, and in all his exhortations to duty, he labored only with the wrathful side of his religion, and sought to open up to my view alone, I was a wild, wayward girl; a romp, and a playful thing. My uncle said my foolish father had spoilt me by his ungoodliness and irreligion. Such things made me angry for my father had been a noble, generous man; I adored and honored him, and I told him; and I remembered well how kind he was, and how he used to play with me. So these very efforts of my uncle to make me better, as he called it, were only calculated to harden my spirit against all his teachings. He was the result, but he could not see the cause. He was a tyrant, and he whipped me. Oh! if he could have seen the spirit within him aroused within me when those blows fell upon my quivering flesh, he would have been startled. I have had been a spark of error or reason in him.

"And so I grew up. I was—let me see—I now went at my home. I did love my little schoolmate, his own with them I was not allowed to play. At length a new world was opened to me. A young man, who had just moved into the town, made my acquaintance, and won much favor with him. I did love him—God knows how truly—how devotedly. And he made me loved me. I knew he was not like my uncle, for he was mild and reckless; but even this had a charm for me. I thought I was a relief from the awful sternness of everything at home. I had no counsel upon which I could rely—no advice I cared for. My uncle insisted on commands, and threatened me with direst vengeance if I disobeyed. Oh! there was a very charm in disobeying such a man. In all the years that had passed he had denied me every innocent, every comfort, because, he said, they were sinful, while my own and his ill did this city were luxuries and holiday. Is it a wonder, then, that habit should have led me to be blinded by this new and exquisite pleasure which had opened upon me?"

Rosalind was absorbed in the story that she did not answer; and after a short pause Jane continued—

"I loved this man with all the ardor of the soul's first affection, and I became almost lost to everything else. I thought of him in my day dreams and in my night-dreams. I pounded to be his wife, and he swore that he would love me always, and be true to me even unto death. So I became his slave, and he whispered me words that were to my ear that I thought the chains were of gold. But I awoke from the dream. Oh, my God! I awoke from the dream!"

"Did he die?" asked Rosalind, trembling at the strange look which had come over her companion's face.

"Die!" cried Jane, clasping her hands, and lifting them high above her head. "Oh! would to God he had, for then I should have borne all my agony, and yet held the one sweet thought that he loved me. No," she added, looking at Rosalind, and gazing into Rosalind's face, "he did not die. He left the town. He went away. And he left a note for me, in which he said that I must think no more of him—that ours had been a foolish affair—that he had been deceived and deceived me, and he found it best to let them pass as quietly as possible. And then he said he would never see me, or say more! Oh! I know not how I have power to tell this as I do! If you could see how the words burn, and bite, and scald to my soul as I utter them, you would pity me, I know!"

"I do—I do pity you!" exclaimed Rosalind, throwing her arms around her companion's neck.

They wept for a few moments together, and then Jane gently put her friend away, and resumed:

"Sick at heart, weary, tired of life, with all my great love turned seething back upon my soul in greater hate, I lay me down, to pray, to God, to find a mother's affection was denied me. When my child lay upon my bosom, and drew its life from my breast, I could not pray. I would live. But when it fell sick, then I loved it. And when it died I wept over it, though in my thankful it had never learned the name of woman!"

The poor wronged one bowed her head, and burst into tears; and again Rosalind put her arms about her, and wept with her.

"Do you not fear me now? Do you not hate me?" asked Jane.

"Oh—no, no, no! I can love you more than ever!" cried Rosalind, with a burst of generous, noble feeling. "Now that I know your great misfortune I can give you more sympathy."

The stricken girl wiped from her thanks and blessings upon the bosom of her friend, and when she was able to proceed, she said:

"The rest of my story is soon told. When I was able to leave my bed, and walk about out of doors, my uncle took me by the hand and led me forth from his home. He stood upon his doorstone, and told me never to come in again! He told me I was—But I cannot repeat all he said. He closed the door upon me, and I turned from the last home I ever had! I fled, I know not whither. I wandered up and down, and the storm beat upon me, and the rain wet me through. The chill blasts of the night wrapped me almost like a shroud of ice, while my soul was torn up in the same embrace. I sank down by the way-side, and strangers picked me up. For long weeks I lay a prisoner upon the bounty of a poverty-stricken family, and finally I was able to walk forth again. They would have kept me if they could, but I knew their situation, and could not have remained had they asked it. I paid them in blessings, and hurried away. I walked on, with my face towards the great city—and, here I am!"

As the girl ceased speaking she bowed her head upon her hands, and Rosalind sprang forward, and kissed her upon the cheek.

"Hold!" cried Jane, starting up, and putting her sympathizing companion from her. "You have heard my story. Do you think I would thus have laid bare my heart without a purpose?" She stood strangely out of her great black eyes as she spoke, and Rosalind shrank before the glance.

Then she asked Rosalind some questions as to the kind of life she had led.

"You have friends?" pursued Jane, with a more earnest look.

"Yes."

"True, honest friends?"

"Oh, yes, yes!"

"Then—Return to them! Let my story be—"

"Oh, stop! stop!" cried Rosalind, putting out both her hands. "I know what you mean. But listen to me. I will trust you as you have trusted me."

And then she told how she had been left with Madame Lafarge, and how that uncle had given her to the good farmer. And she told how generously and happily she had lived there—how she had been loved and cherished as a child, and how she had grown to love all about her. The thought that her parents might be still living, with more crime upon them, as her uncle had intimated, came not to trouble her, but all her friends knew the probability as well as she did, and they loved and respected her all the same. She told of Albert Varrendale, of his honor and his love, and of their marriage-day. And then, of the coming of her uncle, and of the story by which he got her away from the farm-house, and what she found in the house of the pawnbroker, and what she found in the city. She went on and told of the coming of Gabriel Bieler—of his familiarity and insolence, and of the shameful imposition which was put upon her in the marriage ceremony.

"I knew I was not married," she continued, with indignation flashing in her eyes, "for the wretch priest was a low, debauched wretch, a fit counsellor for such as he. But I was not offended at what I would die ere I would suffer the approach of the villain upon whom I had bestowed the name of husband! I had plighted my faith to another, and before God I was innocent. I went to my chamber—for I had been left alone—and prayed, and shortly afterwards the wretch came. I had an interview with him, and told him that I should hold up to open the window with in order to make my escape. I had done this. I let me down by the wrench for another purpose. The man entered, and I struck him with the knife, and left him for dead. I leave me. I begged of him, for his own sake, for mine, to go. I told him I was mad, that I was not myself—that I was not his wife—that I would die ere he should harm me. But he would not depart. He would not be moved. He grappled me with his wicked hand. I struck him, on the impulse of the moment, with frenzy, with desperation, with frenzy, everything in the blow, and he sank at my feet. I flew to the window, and I threatened him, made a rope of my bedding, then I locked once more upon the prostrate wretch—he lay still and cold, and then I fled. On the morrow, after seeing myself upon the trail steals and finally reaching the city, I went to the house of my uncle, but a watchman stopped me, and would not let me go, and I was forced to go on my way; and when the morning the pawnbroker came—he knew where to look for me, and he came to me—and here at his house. In my bewilderment I trusted him, and he took me to his house as away; and when I reached his house he told me that Albert was dead, and that the officers were after me for the murder."

Rosalind stopped how till she had recovered strength to go on, and then she continued—

"The whole current of my thoughts, of my life, was changed when I heard that Albert was dead, and the court would not ask me why. The officers of the law were after me, and if they found me I should be hanged! Oh! that one dread drove out all others, drove out all thoughts of friends, of everything but of liberty! I thought only of flight from that awful fate. My uncle, in his remorse for what had happened, perhaps, to save me from his own name, came to take me away—to bear me to—to carry me beyond the reach of detection. So—I am here."

Jane Lillton gazed into Rosalind's face with an eager, searching look, but ere she could speak some one knocked upon the door.

"Get into the closet," whispered Rosalind, hurriedly, pointing to the lower berth. "I would not have him see you here."

Jane crawled quickly in, and when the curtain had been drawn Rosalind opened the door.

"Eh—Not shed yet?" said Mr McCarthy.

"Yes, sir, I have been," said Rosalind, quickly. "I thought I heard voices in here, as though ye had some one talking wid ye," pursued McCarthy, peering into the room.

"You may have heard some one in an adjoining room," suggested Rosalind. "I have not had a second lesson." She was startled, but the presence of mind which had never forsaken her came to the strength of purpose.

"Ah! let it go, then! I didn't hear 'im in here, honey? Hyow I just take a peep?"

"Take no peep, sir! Do not take advantage of my uncle's absence!"

"Not so loud, Rose," whispered the man, with one look over his shoulder. "I would have no advantage. I only want to see that ye're safe and well by your uncle. That's all."

"Then take my assurance for it, if you'll only leave me in peace," said Rosalind, standing before the entrance to oppose his progress.

"But I must see 'im, honey. I must see 'im."

"One step, sir, and I'll raise a cry that shall bring the people about us in alarm!" exclaimed the now indignant girl. "Leave here!—Leave this apartment, or I'll—"

"Hush!"

"If you'll go, all shall be well. What are you, that you should dare to come with a fierce mien?" And then speaking Rosalind shut the door in his face, and turned the key.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE MR CROWN STRANGER.

Jane Lillton was not long in hiding in the berth for some time after the door had been closed; but finally she peeped out, and motioned to whisper—

"Do you think he is listening yet?"

"I don't know," returned Rosalind, in the same low tone.

"I want to ask you some questions, Rose; and perhaps you will not like to answer."

"We'll wait a little while."

"Then I suppose we must. I suppose we both lie down and sleep. I should be sure to wake up long before the dawn."

"I will lie down and rest," said Rosalind, "for I am tired and faint."

"Then wait a moment. You shall have this place."

Rosalind would have prevented her friend's movement, but Jane got out, and crept into the upper berth without looking her remonstrance; and without further remark she took the place the other had left. But it was a long time before she could sleep. First she was busy with thoughts of the hard fate of her companion in misery—then with the thoughts of her own fate—then with struggling after the future; and when she finally closed her eyes and tried to sleep, the strange motion of the boat—the air and quiver of the machinery—and the gushing of the vapor around, served to keep her wakeful and nervous. But at length the boat came up to its destiny ground, and she sank into an uneasy, fitful slumber. Strange dreams came to her—dreams in which she sometimes found herself in Jane Lillton's place, with McCarthy gliding over her downfall. Once more she found herself in the old farm-house, with the dog flowers, which grew thickly and luxuriantly up and around the door. It was early morning, and the dew hung in partly drops upon the leaves. She thought she had awoke to be herself, and was upon the point of climbing over where the bright flowers grew, when a hand reached forth, and was a large white lily in a fair soft open one of the roses. The serpent raised its head as she approached, and sent forth a fearful hiss. Overcome by terror, and unable to move, she stood, spellbound. Then the monster lifted its head higher up, and while it swayed it and to, its form began to change, and soon it assumed a human shape, and it were the face of Patrick McCarthy. Then that face changed to one so terrible, so ghastly, so fearful in its horrible contortions, that the spell was broken, and with a cry of agony she awoke and sat up. She gazed around with a frightened look, and then she saw sitting by her side in the dim lamplight—

"Where am I?" she asked, in quick, startled tones.

"Do you not know?" returned a kind voice. It was not in the least like that which startled a moment. "You are Jane Lillton. Oh! I have had such a terrible dream. But where am I?"

"You—I stop once. It is almost morning now. Do you not remember that you were in the boat? that I would die ere I would suffer the approach of the villain upon whom I had bestowed the name of husband! I had plighted my faith to another, and before God I was innocent. I went to my chamber—for I had been left alone—and prayed, and shortly afterwards the wretch came. I had an interview with him, and told him that I should hold up to open the window with in order to make my escape. I had done this. I let me down by the wrench for another purpose. The man entered, and I struck him with the knife, and left him for dead. I leave me. I begged of him, for his own sake, for mine, to go. I told him I was mad, that I was not myself—that I was not his wife—that I would die ere he should harm me. But he would not depart. He would not be moved. He grappled me with his wicked hand. I struck him, on the impulse of the moment, with frenzy, with desperation, with frenzy, everything in the blow, and he sank at my feet. I flew to the window, and I threatened him, made a rope of my bedding, then I locked once more upon the prostrate wretch—he lay still and cold, and then I fled. On the morrow, after seeing myself upon the trail steals and finally reaching the city, I went to the house of my uncle, but a watchman stopped me, and would not let me go, and I was forced to go on my way; and when the morning the pawnbroker came—he knew where to look for me, and he came to me—and here at his house. In my bewilderment I trusted him, and he took me to his house as away; and when I reached his house he told me that Albert was dead, and that the officers were after me for the murder."

Rosalind stopped how till she had recovered strength to go on, and then she continued—

"The whole current of my thoughts, of my life, was changed when I heard that Albert was dead, and the court would not ask me why. The officers of the law were after me, and if they found me I should be hanged! Oh! that one dread drove out all others, drove out all thoughts of friends, of everything but of liberty! I thought only of flight from that awful fate. My uncle, in his remorse for what had happened, perhaps, to save me from his own name, came to take me away—to bear me to—to carry me beyond the reach of detection. So—I am here."

Jane Lillton gazed into Rosalind's face with an eager, searching look, but ere she could speak some one knocked upon the door.

"Get into the closet," whispered Rosalind, hurriedly, pointing to the lower berth. "I would not have him see you here."

Jane crawled quickly in, and when the curtain had been drawn Rosalind opened the door.

"Eh—Not shed yet?" said Mr McCarthy.

"Yes, sir, I have been," said Rosalind, quickly. "I thought I heard voices in here, as though ye had some one talking wid ye," pursued McCarthy, peering into the room.

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"But

thro she sunk back almost exhausted. She saw the bed, and felt a strange impulse to throw herself upon it; she felt so tired. She received deep wounds, and longer her pain. She received deep wounds, and longer her pain. She received to bear up until her uncle came.

Ere long she was aroused from a sort of a dreamy torpor by the sound of a heavy footfall, and as she came fully to her senses, the door of her room was opened. But it was not her uncle who entered. It was McCarthy—and he came to alone, and closed the door after him.

"Has my uncle come?" Rosalind asked.

"No—he hasn't," was the response. And the man took a seat by the door.

"Have you heard from him?"

"Yes—I have."

"Where is he? When will he come?"

"Where he is I can't say. When he will come —Never!"

Rosalind started up from her chair, and sank back again. She said a kind of terror upon her mess before her, but she could not believe what he had said.

"Do not deceive me," she urged, with a prayerful look. "When will my uncle come?"

"I tell ye he won't never come!"

"Oh! you, he will. He promised me that he will come as soon as he—to keep me—to save me!"

"No. He's left me to do that."

"But you will not do the least. It may not have arrived."

"Yes, it has arrived. But it would make no odds if it hadn't. Your uncle hasn't been aboard of it."

"Speak on! What do you mean?"

"Why—Thomas Gordon has gone back to Boston! He started away from Troy as soon as we left. He gave you into my charge there, and bade me look to you. And now I'm going back to look after you myself."

Rosalind gasped for breath. A terror—as in her dark dream—came upon her.

"You—you—take care of me!" she cried.

"Yes, Miss Rose," returned the man, bending a demoniac look upon her face that made it look like stone.

"You shall not! I will leave the house."

"And where'll ye go?"

"I know not—I care not!"

"Ye wouldn't go far, I take it."

"Leave me, sir!" Rosalind cried, all excitement. "Not you, but I shall!"

"Leave this room! Leave it at once, sir, or I'll call help! I don't believe you have been hired will come!"

"Then perhaps you'll wait till you see him," returned the man, with dogged, ugly composure.

"No, I shall not wait. I will go to him!" she girl cried, starting to her feet. She was moved by a frenzy now, and for the while her pain was all forgotten. "I shall not wait!" she repeated, moving towards the door that led to the other room. "I will leave this place alone. I care not!"

She went into the apartment beyond, and held the door which seemed to open thence into the hall, but she found it locked. She returned, and looked her momentary virility in the face.

"Let me pass, sir, or I'll arouse the house!"

"Hooray, sweet one. You shall have all my people to answer your call."

Rosalind sank down into her chair again, and the wild look had changed into a vacant, fearful stare.

"This is not a hotel!" she gasped. "This is a place of your own seeking. You would hide me away from my uncle! Oh! wretch! I'll find him!"

"Find whom?"

"My uncle."

"Poor child! Don't you know Thomas Gordon yet? Haven't you seen enough of him to read him? When he took you from the Widow Hagerfarm, and carried you to the pawnbroker's, and tried to make you feel that that man was your father,'couldn't you read him then? And when he left you there, said some one you no more till he knew your friends were on your track, couldn't you read him then?"

Rosalind stood upon the speaker with eyes that seemed ready to burst. He tongue was gone—his face was changed—his eye was burning unnaturally, and his hearing was terribly familiar.

"And he deserted me!" burst from her pale lips, in a thrilling whisper. "Will he come to me no more—no more?"

"Will he come! Of course he won't. Why should he? He is no friend of yours. You have but one friend in the world, and he never will be the right to protect you. You will not need your uncle's assistance now!"

Still Rosalind gazed with that same strange look into the face of the tormentor. He had not spoke now—she only thought of her fearful dream—of the fiend—the ghastly face—the wild—the sister—and of the ugly shape which the serpent's head had assumed.

"If his likely you'd ever want to go back to the pawnbroker's again," said the man, with a twist of the shoulders.

The poor girl's thought ran back to the place that brought to mind, and she shuddered in an instant all she had suffered there. But she did not answer, but gazed from the floor before her.

"You wouldn't go back there if you could. You know what you were to friends to you. No—you've come here—you've been brought here—and here you'll stay till we see fit to move."

"We" came from Rosalind's lips, in the same bursting whisper as before.

"Yes. You and I."

"And," uttered the girl, bending slightly forward, while her gaze grew more painfully intense, "*who are you?*"

"Ha, ha," laughed the man, "it's as good as a play. Why—what a promising dupe you've been. Did you think I was what I seem? If you think they'll you the truth? Look! *I am your husband!*"

He pulled off the wig—he tore away the false whiskers—and then started up.

"Did you think you had really killed me, dear one? Did the thought of murder lay heavy on your soul? Ha, ha, ha—I'm not dead, it's a play! No, no, Rose. Ludder and I cooked that up finely. You hadn't been gone long when I came to my senses, and pulled myself up. I went down and found Ludder, and we went out together. He assured me, you had not gone far from here. Then we planned this little case, and it has worked capitally—I've worked capitally—and you capitally for your uncle, for he don't want ever to see you again; and just let me advise you. Neither you nor I must say where near him again, for he there yourself anywhere near him again, for he might do worse for you next time. But it's all right now. I've got you, my sweet little wife, and I'll keep you; and if you'll behave yourself and do as a faithful wife ought to do, I'll forgive you this little love-token you gave me here." And he raised the hair from his left temple, where an ugly-looking scar was still visible.

Thus far Rosalind had sat, with the same fixed gaze, immovable. Her face had grown a shade more deathly, and her eyes more glassy. Suddenly the current of life reacted—her brow, her cheeks, her neck, were flushed—and she sprang to her feet.

"Oh, God! I have done no murder!"

Those words burst wildly from her, and she fell to the floor without more or motion, and her thin face was as pale and deathly as ever.

Gabriel Barber hastened forward and knelt by her side, and he found her cold and lifeless. He muttered and cursed to himself as he lifted her to the bed, and then he turned from the room. Presently a stout, coarse-looking woman, with an evil eye and a hard face, came in, and commenced to bathe and rub the girl's brow, and neck, and breast. And ere long afterwards Gabriel returned, and with him came a doctor—a lean, shriveled, parchment-skinned man, who looked as though he might have come from some old tomb.

"Remember," said Gabriel, "this is all private."

Everything's private here, Isaiah Barber, the man, in a gruff, masculine voice.

"I understand," said the doctor, nodding to each in turn, and then he went to the bedside.

Rosalind had been brought back to life, but not to consciousness. Her mental powers had suffered too great a stretch for that. Her face was now like fire, and her eye was still and glaring.

"High fever," said the doctor, sententiously, as he felt the patient's pulse and looked at her tongue. "Extraordinary fever. She must have had great exposure—severe shock of system —very severe. Mind out, too—mental trouble, perhaps—fear—torment. I understand. Bleed her—reduce fever. Then opiate—cause sleep. Severe case, but I can manage. Mrs. Larkin—a bowl, with sponges and bandages. You are not afraid to see blood, sir?"

"No," said Gabriel.

Then you may stay and hold her arm. High fever—circulation rapid—blood will flow beautifully."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A NEW PLAN, AND A NEW TOOL.

Displeased, as we have seen, Gabriel Varcombe and the old sailor returned to the farm-house upon the hillside. It was getting late when they reached it, and they had been gone eight days—eight days of cruelty, cogitation, hope, disappointment, and dual despair. Mr. King and Simon Peter came out, but not a word was spoken upon the subject of their journey, save in the laughter of old, and the horse had been put away, and they had entered the house. And Rachael took back to her duties in the family, but took a seat by the table, and waited for the conversation to begin that she knew was to wreak the silence.

"You haven't found her!" she said, with the bursting forth of pent-up emotion.

"No," returned Mr. King, gently. "We have failed—failed!"

"Oh! she is dead! They've killed her!" the girl cried, wringing her hands.

"No," quickly returned Albert, starting up. "No, Rachael—she has not done that. They dare not do it. She is hidden away somewhere, and we will find her. She is not dead, and she shall not be always so. I will not rest until I find her, or—or—know her fate."

"They have murdered her—confess their cowardly crime!" Rachael cried, bursting forth. "You may be sure of that, now. They have got the poor thing under the sod ye—that they have!"

"I think there's no doubt but that she lives," added the widow.

"But did you gain any intelligence? Did you find any clue?" asked Mr. King.

"I think so," replied Peters. "In fact, I'm sure we did. But I will tell you. You received the note Albert sent you from Boston?"

"Yes."

"Then you remember that we got upon the track of the coach in which Rosalind was driven away. I have no doubt upon that point, at all. On the second night we came to the place of the fearsome we saw them shod. They must have suspected that they were pursued, for their horses were not put up, and before noon we lost them. There were many cross-roads and by-ways, and though we made inquiries upon each of them we could get no clue to hear of them. On the second day from that we moved from out of the village of Troy, and stopped at his house for a drink of water, as the evening before, accompanied by the fair lady, Miss Rose gave of Thomas Gordon. But he was in a single coach, and had only a boy with him. He knew us as far as Springfield, and then started back. It seemed useless to make chase with him, for we knew, and with not even a star shining for a guide, so we resolved to return and have one more interview with Thomas Gordon."

"What ken ye do with him?" asked Simon Peter. "He's a thick chap, and I'm sure he's a concern—can he ugly picture?"

"I think I have," said Albert, "and this will be our last, with a soul of the head.

"Ye've got a picture?" hung the dratted snake?" —John Peters looked into Simon's face with a curious expression, but made no reply. The sight of the overcharged indignation of Simon Peter. At the old stock closed over his face, he knew.

"You will go in and see Mr. Gordon in the morning?" he said, addressing Albert Barber.

"Yes," the latter replied. "I shall go in and see if he has returned; and if he has you may be sure I shall see him."

"I had it better go with you?"

"No, I think not. I can't tell of that. I can do as well alone."

So the young man bade them all good-night and went away.

"I pity poor Albert, from the bottom of my heart," said Lucy King, after the youth had gone. "I don't think he hardly ought."

"He suffered more than you know," returned John Peters. "I suffer enough, but what he has heard him groan in his keen, bitter anguish, I have almost forgotten my own sorrows."

"Then you have not discovered Rosalind?" suggested Mr. King, with an interested, inquisitive look.

"Ah," replied Peters, with a mournful shake of the head, "I could not tell you all my sorrows. I have not known the girl as you have. I sorrow, of course, because of her fate; but there are other things that cause me more grief. I am getting old, I could not tell it I would."

"Still," pursued the hostess, not willing to be thus baffled, "I know you feel a deep interest in her welfare."

"Of course I do, ma'am."

"And you were very much affected by her mis fortune."

"Certainly, ma'am; as I am always affected by anything that gives joy or sorrow to those I have loved. But," the old man added, seizing from his coat, "I have had a hard night, and you must excuse me if I leave you, and seek my bed."

"Oh, certainly," returned Mrs. King, starting up and lighting a candle for him. "You know your room, sir?"

"If it's the same one I had before."

"It is."

"I declare," called the good woman, taking her seat with an emphasis, "*I should like to know who that man is!*"

Why didn't you ask him?" suggested her husband, with a curious look.

"Didn't I ask him all I dared to?"

"Then you found out—did you?"

"There! You needn't act so, Aaron. You know you are as curious about it as I am, for I've heard you say so."

"Pooh! Nonsense!"

"There, now! Didn't I my tress just so? I know how your case stands when you come down in that way. Now, honey, come here. Let me do your disposition, Mr. King."

"I guess your disposition is strong," returned the husband, with a smile. "But," he added, with deeper thought, "I will guess more to know where your Rosalind is than to know Mr. Peters's whole history and genealogy."

"So would I," cried the wife, earnestly.

"Confess his internal plans!" exploded Simon Peter, seizing from his chair, and going off to bed.

This served as a signal for the rest, and the house was soon left without.

John Peters had thought of going into the city alone, but when he came to reflect in the morning he thought differently. Perhaps he feared that Gabriel Barber might get some chance to do or destroy him; and perhaps he only wanted a willing ear into which he could pour his sorrows. He went out to the barn, where Simon was at work fixing a yoke.

"Simon," he said, "are you busy to-day?"

"No, sir. Noth's particular, as I known on. The old cow's got a little sick, but the feeder did next week; so I've only to chore 'round just now."

"I've thought I'd like to have you go into the city with me."

"Wal—I guess I kin dew sum fust enough; an' I reckon I could git somebody to help with ye, low. How comes the old nag?"

"Ah, yes. Mr. King, can you spare Simon to-day?"

"Just as well as not," replied the farmer.

Then I'll let him go with me. We'll start in the morning dawned, but not upon my wedding-day. The sun rose—there was a horrid cloud at the morning. Its nightfall only a cold, still, shrouded form, icy, rigid and motionless, in the darkened room where the death-scene had replaced the festive life of the bridal.

Of course, the marriage was no mere spoken of. With that fearful shadow hanging over the house and home, there could be no talk of marriage. All the pretty bridal dresses were put out of sight, and the words of welcome changed to their place. We gave up all thoughts of extending our tour. My father was summoned only with a restless desire to return to the home where she had lived, and from which, though he could not realize to be desolate. No one opposed his wishes, and scarcely a month after my wedding-day death we commenced our homeward voyage.

Archer accompanied us. He placed himself with our own. He had loved my mother, and mourned with her like a son. He, tonight to me, was the old home from which we had been so long absent.

We were at home again. Home it was truly—house, grounds, furniture, pictures, ornaments—all as we had left it as she had lived in it, but my mother, the wife had departed. Her footsteps was heard no more in the wife passages, her voice made music no longer in the pleasant rooms, and the sunlight fell upon her smile no more and perfect hearts. Rose but they who have suffered can know the desolation of spirit that followed the return to our house which, in the hands beyond the sea, we had planned as a place of joy.

My sister Susan had returned from school, and was at home to meet us on our return. We had left her a slender school-girl, sunny, artless, and unformed. We returned to maidenhood, with all its gracious, whose small, rounded figure displayed the curving lines of beauty, erected our return. The blush that was enamored upon her cheek with the exquisite lucence of her complexion, and the dimples that beauty of her features. Susan bloomed in the cheek that was shaded by the flowing tresses of her auburn hair. Her eyes were bright with pleasure, smiles parted her rosy lips, and her whole form, pretty and lovely within, as she came flying down the steps to greet us, as we descended from the carriage.

I could hardly believe that this radiant creature was my little sister, when I had watched and tended her upon the pillow, but when I had often acknowledged, with great dissatisfaction, to be sister, I was glad to see that my our meeting was shared by the absence of her whose remains we had left in a foreign land, and during the first evening we had little thought for other changes.

But the night Susan and I talked long together in the room which we once more shared. We had much to tell, I of travel and its incidents, she of the unexpected bridal festivities, and the pall that had fallen on our eyes when the face so loved had departed from our circle. And then, in the intimate, and little home details, all interesting to the beloved wanderers.

At last we were silent. Susan laid her sweet, fair face upon the pillow, and I thought she had read my sunnybrook lesson from the darkness, and then fell into a long, deep dream of pleasant things. I remained sitting of the village clock at length aroused me. As it slowly told the midnight hour, I paused, and laying aside my book, stood before the mirror to arrange my unbound hair.

There, beside my own face, pale, haggard from deep feeling and fatigue, and slowly, I thought, looking old from the influences of thought and sorrow, I beheld that of Susan. Oh, God, young, beautiful features that half nestled in the snowy pillows of the bed. A sudden delight in my sister's beauty possessed me, and I turned to contemplate it with my own warm appreciation, with the face from the glass. Then, with a sudden pang, a sensation of bare departed, a pang of jealousy, as sudden as keen, and as delight, pervaded my soul.

"She is very beautiful," I murmured; "she must have had many admirers, and some one has touched her lightly; it has not dimmed, even in one line, the perfection of her beauty. Who will tell me that she is beautiful; he loves beauty; he will love her, and I shall be desolate."

Was this a prophecy of the future? An intimation from some invisible source of the coming evil? I know not. I only know that I impulsively exclaimed the thought I felt to be unworthy, and presently laid down by my sister's side, drawing her close in an embrace as loving as that which had presented her childhood.

We missed the sweet household presence of our mother; missed her counsel and her long-loved love. Nevertheless, time chastened our sorrow, and we fell into our new routine of life, and soon

presented, to the eyes of those who saw only exteriors, the aspect of a quiet, tranquilly happy household. I was mistress now, and had many cares and absorbing duties. Sometimes Archer was with us, and Archer left us. I was thrown when we proposed making his future residence, and where he had already entered upon the practice of the profession he had chosen. When with us, he was left almost entirely to the companionship of Susan, and it must be owned that it was not without some pangs that I beheld his evident admiration of her, and the ease with which the cheerful spirit, each matchless in the perfection of physical beauty, appeared to please him.

So the year of mourning slowly wore away. I looked myself in my new saree, seeking sometimes when I thought what an excellent preparation this life was for the duties of my future household, my own and Archer's. We had already decided to live in the city; and I was doing all that was possible to train the giddy Susan to fill my place when I should be gone.

Despite the little twinges and the severer pangs that I felt at times, in seeing Archer's love-like attentions to Susan, I had not entertained the thought that his love was transferred to that brighter glance. I was troubled unspeakably by my own fear when my polished for my bridal night approached.

One morning I received a letter, a letter of felicitation, when Archer came to pay us his last visit. He was to stay a week, and during that week we were to be wedding-day. I was very busy on the day of his expected arrival, and felt constrained to postpone the usual hour of my daily visit to my room. I was the child seemed in a strange, wayward mood, and her conduct tried my temper and patience. She would not gaily adorn a task, singing and humming from room to room with her bright face all aglow and radiant; and then, ere it was half finished, I would find her seated at the window, or cast down in the corner of one of our immense easy chairs, in a pensive attitude, and with a countenance that was the very one I used with unshed tears lingering in her large eyes. As the day drew near my grave sister seemed to amuse me, that thought occurred on her cheek; the intent, the sadness, the tears, and I was at my wits' end to fear that she was ill. But she broke away from all my questionings with an impatience of which I presently saw her hurrying along the avenue towards the village, with a basket upon her arm, and her bright curls floating in the breeze.

"She has gone to meet Archer," I thought, and my heart grew heavy. Susan would not have gone away and tended myself in the yet incomplete preparations for her return.

That night Susan retired early, complaining of a headache, and declaring that I must go to sleep as she went, but declined my proffered aid. "She wanted nobody," she said; "nothing but rest."

Archer followed her with his eyes as she moved down the room, and then he turned them slowly toward the door, bent it upon me. Our eyes met, but down he he did so, and spoke a few low words. I was alone. He was gone, and I was left to the sound of approaching that which yet remains to be told.

That night Susan left her father's house.

She went not alone. Archer Clay was the companion of her flight. Some small sum of money was sent

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REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

THE RUNNERS.

Almost every community has a horror rural and remote, has its member of the "Hunks' family. Indeed, there are few communities that have not a regular "Old Hunks' Hollow," while a great city may possibly count scores and hundreds of such. The Hunkers are the vulgar-rich of every place and money-worshipers. Their god is gold, as verily as was the *Jove* when they debased the golden calf. Their circus at morning, noon and night, save of money-bags, heads and magpies, rats and other such stocks. Their heavenly thought is of per cent, and their living aspiration to be a "gilt" or a "plum." To be esteemed rich, to exercise the grim, hardening power of wealth—to work the sharp machinery of money, and apply the screws—to glean fortunes in times of crisis and misfortune —to be ever ready to foreclose a mortgage—to put on securities as the moment when they will realize most, these are the delights and ambition of the Hunkers.

No devotion, no idolatry, so thorough and persistent as theirs to gold. The Almighty God, the Universe, lies not in the heavens, you, all things visible or intelligible, would not be in their estimation if but changed to gold. Their measure of humanity, their regard for their fellow-men, their power of responsibility, morality, virtue, talent, genius, whatever by foolish poets and philosophers may be deemed noble, exalting and divine, is determined by a golden balance. With them the possession of gold gilds over idiocy, immorality, fraud, and whatever villainy can keep itself from prison and halter, and stalk forth in society uncondemned of the law. From the earliest historic records—be your ready to fortune-telling in the sand, Cranon, down to the recent Morrison, who, with twenty millions in his pocket, lived and died in terror of the shadowless, the miserable, abandoned slave of lust of wealth, in which he had divested body and soul, the *Banksian* in spirit have been the same. One is the type of all.

To such, the direction of our Saviour to the young man, "Sell all thou hast and give to the poor," or the example of Zaccheus, who, in token of his repentance, divided his goods with the poor, and determined to deal justly with all, would be worthy only of laughter and derision. The poor "that do the Hunks" are not worth the poor? Are they to be reduced to the level of the poor?—shall the poor be allowed to claim brotherhood with them? —were they born to sympathize with the homeless, friendless, ragged, dirty-lived of beings who walk God's earth, in God's image, with plentiful heart and brain if any be, but with never a board, a crib, a cooper, or the shadow of an incoming per cent. "Cut upon such ideas," cry all the Hunkers. "We are born to beg the gold, to keep our hands and houses, and to scuff and scorn the beggars of the earth." Aye, and they are to be as far below the clutch can reach. No cry of distress, no wail of human agony can stay their gouty feet.

Yet, with all their grinding, poor, miserable avarice, in the sight of God is bad and humanity, are all the Hunkers. In a little time—ah! how brief!—God will blast their idols—death will pluck them down from their pompous pedestals, and their gilded towers and interferences, and they must lie down in the grave, which respects not rich nor poor, and naked as when they came into the world. Not one atom of gold can they carry to the tomb, and let them be sure, that ere their base bodies are fairly cold and ready for the worms, a good deal will spin the strong law, and the fabric of riches, gathered and reared as much by sacrifice of all that was reverse or God delights in, will be scattered by those who will cry out over the dead, "O, then fool! could it then have been that with such pains thou didst hoard, and behold how riotously we squander thy gold." And such is the end of the Hunkers. Feared and cursed while living, they die to be forgotten among men, and their riches are scattered sooner than they were gathered.

BANKRUPT LAWS AND OLD DEBTS.

Bankrupt law or no bankrupt law, the truly honest man never considers his debts cancelled. With him their payment is a matter of time only —that is, his purpose to pay only ends with his life, or when the unmistakable evidence of permanent inability, which old age, incurable disease, or decrepitude furnishes, is brought home to him.

Thus only it should be. The debtor who shields behind a bankrupt law proves himself utterly wanting in that honesty which is said to be the best policy, try to justify himself as he may! He is a rogue and a robber. He is one in principle as well as in practice. He never can enjoy his future gains in the true sense of the word, and consequently never can know real happiness. *A consciousness of right doing is indispensable to true happiness.* He who seeks it in disregard of this, is doomed to certain disappointment and ultimate sorrow!

Time does not destroy the moral obligation to pay old debts. It does not even lessen it in the court of conscience, where no "statute of limitations" will avail!

ARE WE NATIVE.—Among the fashionable novelties getting up in this city, are "*French crying before him.*" That is, *dolls*, that make a noise like an infant crying. There is no need of the stage article about our house.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

MISPLACING THE SWITCH.

A tract recently given was that of "Our pet cards." She only replied she never misplaced a switch.

Now you may laugh at that—so did I—but where could you find a greater fib? Many a time and oft have I misplaced the switch of my children's backs, when they should have applied it to their own; many a time has the lash which should have descended upon the back of the favorite, fallen upon his much abused brother. There is no one upon his much abused brother. There is no one upon his much abused brother. There is no one upon whom parents so often misplace as the switch, and in need not of necessity be a broken rod or a fresh one, but an accidental current deeper than either of which many a ruined life can be traced up to.

I know two children—one blundering, but honest, earnest, self-sacrificing—the pride and joy on all occasions without qualification, making his impress in his way upon, and smothering his disappointment as bitter he might when ruined. The other, wily, diplomatic, Chesterfieldian, with an eye to the main chance in its scope, to pave the way for the much desired boon, which was never procured by straight-forward, earnest, unassuming respectful was the order. Follow these two children, the one the latter fit for play-ground, bowing to his young associates what he has got from the other, wealthy in his way, but with little comfort, sense of unlovely, pernicious childhood; sitting in the midst of it, and reading the same lesson over round and round it the festering wound, incapable of extracting it, and yet knowing no balm for the sickening, deadly poison.

Follow out their two histories. See the Chesterfieldian boy tossed to college, contented with the livery-stable, hotel, and tailors' bills, with a perfect conviction that he was getting a college education; it all right with the old gentleman ("shelling him out" of useless, worthless money, but pleased, gratified generally in a no so unworthy, although delicately to his pride to be the father of such a son, and enabled from social life, whose fount of honor and joy is the dollar.

In order to show that satire has a tendency to excite our lowest and worst propensities more than our highest and best, Mrs. Jameson defies the defenders of its cause see to show one human being the least of benefit ever done to man, woman or the town and discriminating powers of observation, declares that in "Woman's Satires, and Women," her judgment is entitled to no little consideration.

The severest satire upon satire has been given by Pope himself, when he declares that he would be proud to see men, not afraid of God, afraid of *me*."

And here is the secret of the failure of satire as a means of personal reformation. It is not through the scruple of fear—fear of mere man, at that, instead of fear of God—and not that of love, which is after all, the only power to the reformation of social harmony and domestic life and manners.

PERIODICALS IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

It has long been a matter of disputation among educationists, whether or not periodicals should be permitted to read newspapers and periodicals in school-school or college. Some have opposed such reading should be excluded, as it tends to divert the mind of the student from his regular studies, while others contend that students should have opportunity to read the news and literature of the day, not only because such information and reading is in itself important and useful, but also because they are thereby led to take an interest in their studies with greater vigor, calm and benefit. The latter class of educationists, among whom we rank, has a decided stand in this matter. In their circular they say:

"The regular reading of good periodicals is, in more than one respect, important to the student. Such reading is, therefore, identical, is required to subscribe to some good paper, according to his means and inclination, and to read it regularly."

This is an important movement on the part of the family of living College, and its popularity and usefulness in the right of the land and humanity, are all ingen. The Lancers is a favorite among the students of living College, as it seems from the following letter from the learned Dr. Diefenbach, the President of the Institution, and professor of languages and literature:

INDIAN CHIEFS, March 27th, 1858.

GENTLEMEN: I have received your circular, and I am glad to see that you have undertaken to publish a weekly and standard Circular of living College, calculated to benefit both in science and literature. Wishing you success, I add that nearly half of the students are now reading the Lancers in preference to any other paper, and that I am yours truly,

TRUST, &c.,
P. DIEFENBACH.

EVIL COMPANY.

The following beautiful allegory is translated from the Persian. Whoever associates with the wicked will not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with the good, and they was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Rosabella to him, one day, when she had lade her, in company with her brother, to visit the valuable Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be pleased to danger by it." The father took in silence a fond look at his darling, and replied to the little daughter. "It will not hurt you, my child: take the flowers." "Yes, dear," said the father, "you see, my child, that cocks, even if they do not make blaches; as it is with the company of the vicious."

"DULY."

In all times no single importance has been attached to mere outward beauty by women. So seldom has the weakness of the sex, generally, so evident as this, that it has fixed in the minds of even wise men an impression decidedly discreditable. An anecdote of Walpole shows that the great mind did not escape this impression. It relates that, being called upon to prescribe a couple of his female relatives who had got into a quarrel, he asked, "Have they called each other ugly?" On being answered in the negative, he replied, "Then I shall soon reconcile them!"

Lady-readers of the LEDGER, are you satisfied with this verdict? If not, do your best to get it set aside or unjust.

REFINED TORTURE.

BY MARY FORREST.

The kiss of a "friend" who, you are sure, has just risen from an auto-mortem dissection of your character.

A well-oiled tongue dropping honey, and two stiletto eyes stabbing you through and through.

Offerings of gold and silver, flesh-incense and myrrh, from cold poetry, in place of a true heart.

An elephantine trend upon your pedal extremities, and a polished "I beg pardon, Madame," to take out the sting.

A persistent invasion of your solitude, leaving you with a headache and with a "hope I don't intrude."

The embrace of a rat, white hand, as you thread, one by one, the swift circles of doom.

Impersonalities of love that jar upon your heart-strings, and congeal the blood in your veins.

A pillow thread at some darling finger, and a hypocritical "it is good to be afflicted."

A grin from the hot spirits, conceal by Miss Affection's Ruvolidarias.

The screw-like sympathy that darts into your heart, and unveils on the instant its quivering stilettos—its unsolved angel, and its unacknowledged devilism.

The love that knows no soul of calm; that questions, suspects, probes, wrestles, exhausts.

The white scraph of falsehood, almost persuadion.

The black demon of truth almost repelling you.

An enslaving eye following your movements, and the fingers of the enemy reaching through you, like the eye of a snake.

The suspicion forever peeping over your head, and beyond the horizon of your thought.

The gentle hand-and-blood *fee* looking upon your fine sensibilities as weaknesses; your emotions as fine nerve sweet and softly sentiments as your exquisite affectation; your inspirations as cravings; your genius as madness; your heart-throbs as its quiring harmonies is at best, but a mathematical problem.

BE CONTENTED!

We know of no more common vice seeded, in this fast age and country, than this. Especially is this true of youth. In retired parts of the country, where the primitive employment of tilling the ground is the general and the controlling one, discontent is rare, comparatively speaking, existing only when the more than is superseded by other employments, and the more ambitious aspirations, the more discontent steps in. As the village grows into a city, discontent will begin to show it grows with its growth and strengthens with its strength. In the village, young men look with envy to city, with its variety of employments and dashing display, and their discontent seems to seize upon the general mind. Especially is this the result in cities largely concerned in, and dependent upon, commercial pursuits.

City readers! Are you conscious of this tendency in your own mind? Then let it be your power to be contented—to strive against the demon of discontent, and put him behind you, as a fiend, never to torment your rest and rob it of its peace! In the years we have spent in the village, we have often left us for our encouragement, in seeking the fame of mind described by a poet, that—

"A wise mariner his oars need secured,
Who sees a calm coming, shifts his sail."

Foremost amongst the precepts reflected to us by the poet is the following, which says, "Having food and raiment, let us be therewith content."

To people of discriminated dispositions, while repeating the exhortation of our leading, we would suggest the consideration of the whole saga. Said one who made the instructive statement: "I never remembered of my wretched, forlorn condition but on one occasion, when my feet were soaked and I was unwell, and unwilled to shoe. And that on meeting a man without feet, I was thankful for the mercies of Providence in myself, and with perfect resignation I submitted to my want of shoes."

Remember that, in this world, our own comparatively comfortable lot, and be contented!

HOUSE JEWELRY.

The trade in "imitation jewelry" is becoming so great as almost to extinguish the trade in the genuine article. Diamond pins, rings, bracelets, necklaces, shirt-studs, sleeve-buttons, etc., etc., look as well, are sometimes as good as gold, and cost diamonds," are sold at exceedingly marvelously low prices. We have seen "Jewelry" that we are not sold at low rates, but very high ones, sometimes fabulously so, and have always been satisfied from the shops at $2 or $3 apiece, are made for $2 a dozen, or some seventeen cents each. We have not sold for the dollars which do not cost over one-third that sum. "Diamond necklaces" at $2 a piece, and "gold watches" at $3 each are manufactured at a comparatively trifling cost. The manufacture is a good deal cheaper than to cannot tell them from the genuine.

A singular circumstance in the subject is told of a French gentleman, whose wife owned him to the possession of a costly diamond necklace that he was unable to buy. On consulting a friend, he was advised to obtain an imitation necklace. He did so, paying one thousand francs (about $200) for it. His wife was delighted with the splendid present, and received it with great consideration. A couple of years afterwards she died. She husband married another husband, and her jewelry, with other effects, was sold at auction. The sale of the splendid necklace was announced, and when the house with that eloquence for which members of his calling are noted) excited great interest and curiosity. Among those who were present was the husband, who, after the bidding had run high, and finally knocked down to a wealthy speculator for a very large sum, discovered that the whole period good fortune enabled the bankrupt widower to pay off his debts, and left him with a handsome surplus.

WHO ARE THE GREAT?

It is not improbable that the noblest human beings are to be found in the low-lived haunts and dens of society, among those whose names are never heard beyond the narrow circle in which they toil and suffer, who have "but mites" to give away—who perhaps have not even that, but who have to be content to bestow kind words, for even the rich man's table? for in this class may be found those who have withstood the severest temptation, who have practiced the most arduous duties, who have confided in God under the heaviest trials, who have been most wronged and have forgiven most, and those are the great, the exalted. It matters nothing what the particular duties are to which the individual is called—how minute or obscure in their outward form. Greatness, in God's sight, lies not in the extent of the sphere which is filled, or the effect which is produced, but altogether in the power of virtue in the soul, in the energy with which God's will is chosen, with which trial is borne, and goodness is loved and pursued.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. A. TREMAINE.

A SARDINE fellow, who seemed to think he manifested his superiority by the thinness he exhibited of anything like courtesy in the humblest classes of society, was striving to attract the attention of a fair one, who sat by his side, by the remark, "I suppose you like to see a fine person," said the shrill-pated fellow, in a tone meant to be heard across the room, "I suppose you have a regard for a fellow's carcass—by the way, that reminds me of a good story." "Never, thank you," replied the fair one. The hunger expired, the fellow and playing the change exactly on the same spot, subsided with only one his loss.

If the burglar who craftily examines a house or safe to see how he may best break into it and steal to others, is a knave, what name should we bestow upon the man who studies the ways of his fellow-men, and examines the laws to ascertain where he may break through their defenses, and by fraud and trickery rob them of their property? Answer: Engage the confidence become a scientific and fair advocate to a certain class of guilt between two or more fellow-men.

A WITTY AUDIT, in one of our western cities, met a poet friend of his, the other day, from New York. "I am perfectly astonished to see you," said the author, shaking him with affectionately around his friend's arm; "how long have you been in town?" "Only a few days," said he; "but I shall stay as long as my money lasts." "How long?" "Why, I suppose," said he, "about two weeks, in a case of economy." "I hope you are going to stay longer than that."

COLLECTIONS of funny things, says Chamfort, are like museums, with a wax-work figure to each page; by picking out the phrase and making and flesh by description the whole. We might add that some reviewers study to a more dull, which, in our endeavors to make it larger and better, we shall keep at the new font and type.

BLOOD is the oil of our life's lamp; the death of existence of the burning of the vital flame. Just as the fire consist of pure water, and just into what an infinite variety of combinations it is converted by the mechanic chemistry of nature—all the sustenance, all the solids of our bodies, and all the fluids, are derived from the blood alone.

"I love my enemies no quarter," said a green Irishman, "for I have killed my last one that I had of me." replied a gentleman, "do which you must poor people who ask for quarter."

A GEORGIA paper gives the names of five judges in that State, worth half a million of dollars each. Single men, of course, judging by appearances.

WE see that some of the partisan politicians have commenced sharpening their weapons for the fray. Are any of the poor fellows out their horns?

A SAILOR, a short man, who had stolen a pack on his back, is generally far better than the black dog who travels on the back of a short man.

An Indiana editor boasts that there is an understanding between him and his subscriber. We think it very certain that they haven't got more than one between them.

A GENTLEMAN remarked that he was sorry to see a boy so impressed in barley sugar-drops, in which the said boy was indulging at the time.

We think it will invariably be found that the most successful men in the world are those who have the least need of indulgence are the most indolent.

"I HAVE been a poet long before I was born," said he poesy sure that it is the only gross sin he is ever likely to have.

"Do you mean, Jack?" "No, never?" "How then?" "I mean, sir," replied Jack, "either to be under the white sight on purposes to see."

"WELL, you sheep you lot?" said an old butcher to a young apprentice, who had just left his time.

CHARITY is all that is considered necessary by those who are generous and benevolent.

A GOVERNMENT that expends its principal means in the support of standing armies is a curse.

A LAWYER'S brief is too often his excuse for an unjust cause.

FOOTMEN grows tired of always carrying the same man on her back.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A MAN named George H. Lamb, of Missouri, was recently convicted of murder in the first degree, sometime since, but confessed that he murdered her. He was sentenced to be hung on the 9th of April, but has not been hanged as St. Louis, but although he gave her 1000 cents she refused to give him a receipt in full for all demands. His then invited her to ride across the Mississippi river with him, and when in the middle of the river, said to her, "I am a man of my word, and I will keep it." With these words he threw her into the river, and then left the town. The next day he was apprehended for the murder of his wife. He was prosecuted that he might marry another woman, which he did on the day after the execution of the first husband.

A MAINE man had long since took place near Bangor, in which a number of persons were killed and injured. The engineer, however, escaped with a few bruises and black eye.

A MISSOURIAN one of hydrophobia was recently bitten by a mad dog, and was taken to the river to bathe. He was finally worn bitten by a pet dog; and was his nose dead of hydrophobia, and a daughter soon afterwards began to show signs of the same dreadful disease.

THE "GOOD SAMARITAN" Hospital has about run its race. Our readers can find a full report of it in a late volume published by Dunscomb & Co. of this city, entitled "*Pride and Tragic of New York.*" It costs only ten cents.

A FIRM was recently hired for stealing, before a magistrate at Wandsworth, England, and during the examination it was found that he had within a few years married twelve wives, three of whom were present in court.

A MISSIONARY of New Galloon, Maine, was lately fined $50 and costs for kissing another man's wife. The will teach him to confine such practices at home.

SONG FOR APRIL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Hail ! second born of Spring—
Full of fair hopes and gracious anticipation,
Curtin-enlightener, and bud-quickener, April!
The shivery of storms,
Striking music on leafless branches sing
Of joyous liberty,
Making the heart to overflow, and ever
Some 'mid its tender dreams,
April ! I love thee well.
And not because I sing
The tear oft gathering in thine eye of blue :
Thou art still changeful my
The smile is on thy lip, and the bright sun breaks through.

Mock thine or mine,
God hath remembered thee,
And like some chosen flower'd child
That makes the cottage glad,
Thou comest with thy wealth of sunshiny hours,
Though this uncertain sky
Be not all-fair, or mid,
He shall thy bidder be.

Oh ! brown and creeping vines—
Ye who lighten up the sun,
And the thirst stare doth nourish, one by one,
Ye are dear ones of flame—
He hath pronounced thy name ;
She's laughing where they stray among the violets wet,
For He—the Lord of all—doth love the merry best.

Bright magic wreath with crystal showers,
These are—that give us flowers
How'd by the summer-rain ;
There are—that shed their fruits in autumn hours,
And all their passion work in them :
But these, for man and eye by vales,
Hang out their bells of light on naked stems,
And still, as if negligent to be
The blessed symbol of true charity,
That unasked, and not strong, set forth to throw
Thy sunrise mantle on, the Spring to greet ;
And hail and transmit art to men
The frost-king, turning from his cell,
In tyranny to fall
Garden and grove their tone of hope to view,
And the rich flowers of the year succeeds every more.

Pale willow, trooping low
In gentle sympathy—
Thy fleecy branches wave
Where the first bee-hive leaves the grass
Where sun-lit treasure lie.
Thanks for thy kindness in our time of woe ;
Sturdy elm-sentinel, and dear large lake,
Thinking that, in our low estate,
We might have need of thee ;
Yes, we have need of thee,
Pale love of evergreen.

Oh ! all ye scenic of God—
Whether of beauty and of stern,
Proud robe, or primely dashed,
Whether the mountain plants that gem and the sod—
Forgive him in whose ear your voices sound
Who, hovering round this lowly sphere,
Shall distance from your blended harmony—
All green and living things,
Ye everyday, and
Mountains, and hilly grass, and leafy plains,
He has no heart, who hears your warbling strange
In deep and solemn strains.
Let the full heart be thine
Thine all—in the fire of—
Who kneels thank even as the entire nail ;
Ye earthern flowers, wrapped in solemn shade
Uplift the song of praise—all that He hand hath made.

Hartford, June, April, 1851.

RICHARD HOFFMAN ;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

ANDREW SILAS VISCOUNT MOLY'S LAST CARD.

Although Silas had no good or valid reason to believe that the daughter he had cast of being poisoned had recovered either from her accident, still he could not rid himself of a vague suspicion that design had something to do with it. He knew that his presence at the farm must be a perpetual annoyance, not only to his brother, but to the housekeeper, and, after due deliberation, he resolved once more to return to London.

"Who knows," he argued, "but another accident may happen, and not end so pleasantly as the first one did?" This was not the only painful impression on his mind. He had not forgotten the startling words of his nephew Jack, whom he could not think of without certain misgivings. The boy might be to return to England, and, if he did, his smoke here him quite well enough to feel assured that no consideration would induce the lad to forbear bringing him to justice, and, worse than all, that it was in his power to do so.

"How could I have been such an idiot!" he frequently exclaimed of himself whenever this unpleasant thought obtruded upon his mind, "as to talk on such matters with Fiddler Dick! I ought to have known that such dogs have a fine scent and can both open."

Then he would wonder whether his alleged would obtain a ticket of leave or not ; and if Bet had succeeded in finding Lillian, where was her's a desire once more to obtain possession of, especially as he had discovered the meaning of his brother when he declared that the child would one day be worth her weight in gold to him.

He had arrived at the conclusion that she should prove worth as much to him.

To speak the truth, his position at the farm was a most uncomfortable one. Never had he felt so lonely. The servants were all studiously forbidden to associate with him, and the inhabitants of St. Faith's—proud at the trick he had played to procure his himself off as a stranger, and pumping them as the subject of the steward and their landlord—avoided him wherever he made his appearance in the place.

The generation was a very natural one. They had no inclination to compromise themselves by expressing their opinions any further.

At meals Mike eyed everything most suspiciously ; he invariably refused being assisted to any but the simplest food ; not even to that, till he had first seen his brother and the housekeeper partake of it. Frequently he revenged himself for this privation by throwing out hints of how uncanny it was to be smothering in the house of evidence.

Bitterly did Andrew curse himself for the failure of his scheme. And yet chance had been to do with it than his own weakness. To be sure, he might have exhibited more courage and patience in the servants from the farm, but neither he nor his confederate had thought of that.

The co-convict had packed up his things, and made all preparations possible for respecting the departure of the coach for Tiverton, before he announced his intention of quitting the place to Andrew, who lunged it with surprise and contempt with satisfaction.

"You," said his relative, "I had better go. *Mad-ters* time will soon be here again ; and there's no knowing what might happen, yes and your precious housekeeper bein' so particular fond on 'em."

"No fear of that," observed the steward, winking at the children. "No one shall ever appear on my table again."

"And very right too," exclaimed the farmer ; "especially if the same party gathers 'em."

"How could she make such a dreadful mistake!" said Andrew Silas, wonderingly. "I shall never forget it, were I to live to be a hundred years old."

"Nor I," muttered Mike emphatically.

"I have never been the same man since," added his brother. "I am sorry you have made up your mind to leave me. This place was dull enough before you came to it, but it will be a thousand times worse when you are gone."

"Can't help it ; but somehow I have taken it into my head that I should have my health here—and health is everything. We may still continue friends."

"Certainly," exclaimed the steward. "You will take something before you go?"

MIKE'S LAST TRICK IS THWARTED.

"*In my way*," continued the ruffian, calmly, for he was conscious of his advantage by the existing out of temper. "As I said before, I conceived it part with him to college, and I naturally looks for compensation."

"Not a penny, not a farthing !" exclaimed the old man passionately. "I'll not be robbed of my hard-earned savings ; not that they are much, for I am poor."

"Very poor," said Mike, with a knowing wink. "In like my gratitude for the many favors you have deed pounds in your way ?"

"How much did you put in yourn?"

"Not a penny."

The wink was repeated.

"Not a farthing," continued the speaker ; "and I will not submit to your extortion. Recollect that I was! ever to care or think about you."

"You forget that we are twins, Andrew," mildly observed his amiable brother ; "and twins should never quarrel. I don't quarrel."

"But you do worse," .

"How so?"

"You threaten."

"No—I don't threaten," replied his affectionate relative, mildly ; "it's you who threaten me."

"I!" ejaculated Andrew, astonished at the impudence of the assertion.

"You," repeated his brother. "Don't you threaten to deny me my rights? to force me to go the nearest magistrate—Mr. Thornton, I think, is the gentleman's name, and a very worthy gentleman, by all accounts, I hear he is—and tell him all I know about Lady Bootkroyd and Lillian?"

"You dare not do that—you know that you murdered her," retorted his brother.

"The silence, however, you forget the *stench*," answered Mike, compassedly. "I warn't such a fool ; for once I acted on your hint, I'd have managed to defy you there."

"No one will believe you," observed the steward. "You are a returned convict."

"That won't affect the verdict," observed the farmer.

"And have lived on Jack's roberies for years."

"You must find Jack to prove that," said his brother. "But why make all this bother," he added, "when you know as well as I that you must come to look at last! I'll be reasonable with you."

"Reasonable!"

"I only ask a hundred a year ; you can well afford that."

"Can I?" muttered his relative, pale with rage, for the confusion of the speaker annoyed him, if possible, more even than the thought of parting with his money.

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"How much longer ?"

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"Where?"

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"Starve," repeated Mike, in an ironical tone. "Did you ever try it?"

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"I have, then, and can tell you it ain't by no means pleasant ; but I don't intend to starve again, and it's most unnatural of you to wish me to. As to your ending Lady Bootkroyd, there's no objection to that. It can be managed. You talked to speak, or, in a philosophical tone, where the money comes from, *provided it pays?*"

"You're a great villain."

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Could Mike have seen the dead-like look, the ghastly pallor, which came on when Andrew Silas sent after him, he would not have felt quite so assured of success, of his victory on his wedding-day. The fact was, that the steward was never so much at a loss when matters into a corner, or to all appearance defeated. On such occasions he gathered all his energies for the task, and rushed to the encounter with a spirit and system of tactics peculiarly his own.

"Only a hundred a year!" he muttered to himself ; "moderate! exceedingly moderate! I wonder he spoke. Of course, all that has been agreed to be here, and I had found the place likely to agree with my health, I should never have asked it, and good reason for why—I shouldn't have required it. As it is, I must be with you. You can charge it in your accounts. A hundred a year, more or less, won't signify to her ladyship, but it makes a vast difference to me."

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"No."

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"well, I will. Look you, Andrew, although I have nothink about the pleasing affair, I has my suspicions ; but let them rest : you know that to oblige you I consented to part with my nephew Jack."

"What then?"

"The boy was of great use to me."

"As a thief!" exclaimed Andrew Silas, impudently.

"That's nothink to do with his—he was of use to me. I've known the boy bring in as much as five ounces a week ; and who had a better right to it than himself? Brought up from a puppy, clothed, fed, and educated him."

"Educated!"

MIKE'S LAST TRICK IS THWARTED.

"*In my way*," continued the ruffian, calmly, for he was conscious of his advantage by the existing out of temper. "As I said before, I conceived it part with him to college, and I naturally looks for compensation."

"Not a penny, not a farthing !" exclaimed the old man passionately. "I'll not be robbed of my hard-earned savings ; not that they are much, for I am poor."

"Very poor," said Mike, with a knowing wink. "Is like my gratitude for the many favors you have deed pounds in your way ?"

"How much did you put in yourn?"

"Not a penny."

The wink was repeated.

"Not a farthing," continued the speaker ; "and I will not submit to your extortion. Recollect that I was! ever to care or think about you."

"You forget that we are twins, Andrew," mildly observed his amiable brother ; "and twins should never quarrel. I don't quarrel."

"But you do worse," .

"How so?"

"You threaten."

"No—I don't threaten," replied his affectionate relative, mildly ; "it's you who threaten me."

"I!" ejaculated Andrew, astonished at the impudence of the assertion.

"You," repeated his brother. "Don't you threaten to deny me my rights? to force me to go the nearest magistrate—Mr. Thornton, I think, is the gentleman's name, and a very worthy gentleman, by all accounts, I hear he is—and tell him all I know about Lady Bootkroyd and Lillian?"

"You dare not do that—you know that you murdered her," retorted his brother.

"The silence, however, you forget the *stench*," answered Mike, compassedly. "I warn't such a fool ; for once I acted on your hint, I'd have managed to defy you there."

"No one will believe you," observed the steward. "You are a returned convict."

"That won't affect the verdict," observed the farmer.

"And have lived on Jack's roberies for years."

"You must find Jack to prove that," said his brother. "But why make all this bother," he added, "when you know as well as I that you must come to look at last! I'll be reasonable with you."

"Reasonable!"

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stinct foils, and unlaunchs love of fun with only so much gravity as enables us to hide a smile, for we feel that these things, if not quite as they ought to be, are pretty nearly so, and have not the least to quarrel with them for the difference.

Youth is the spring-time of the future, and ought to be entertained in all that is not positively vicious. Twin the sapling, and the tree grows gnarled.

There is but one thing in our public schools to which we cordially object, and that is the monotonous system of haggling—of teaching the words to the songs of the strong—of whipping brutality as a right. Its advocates—and they are both learned and great ones—say that it encourages emulation amongst the boys, stimulates them to read hard in order to rise to a superior form, and so escape the humiliation.

To this we reply that, if the system of haggling does produce emulation, it does so by the combination of the gladiator; nay, worse, for in the arena his combatants are equally armed, but what equality, we would ask, can exist where the advantages of age and strength are on the side of the oppressor, and the victim is bound to submission?

The nineteenth century is considered the age of improvement. In science, art, and the diffusion of education it undoubtedly may claim; but poor common sense, in one respect at least, remains contemptuous and cruel. Fagging is still permitted both at Eton and Harrow.

Do not be alarmed, gentle readers. We have no intention of indulging in the reminiscence of our own boyish days. We will not carry you back so far as that; but merely request you to revert to the period of our narrative when William Thornton was parted from his little sweetheart, Alice, in Hollin Park, the morning after the abduction of Lilian.

He had decided on making friends with her cousin, Vincount Hilston, in order to facilitate the chance of their meeting at the Hollins, the seat of her uncle, the Earl of Carlington.

Like most early ones, his little lordship had been indulged till he had become intensely wilful, which, added to a feeble constitution and timid nature, rendered him ill-suited to make his way in a public school, where pluck is more respected than birth, and pretension treated with unsparing ridicule.

Most boys have a keen perception of character, especially in those of their own age; and, as a rule, when unfavorable, the judgment they form is generally a correct one; and therefore, therefore, that the Viscount was anything but popular at Eton, where he had not been sent more than two months before the Countess insisted on her husband's removing him. The angry mother could not comprehend the necessity of her son—the heir of an illustrious name, and known known how many thousands a year—submitting to be bullied and treated with equality by coarse plebeian lads, children of noblemen perhaps, destined to work their way up the ladder of life, merely because they happened to know a little more Latin and Greek, and stood in a higher form.

Her indignant pronounced it both shocking and revolutionary, and, if still absolutely insisted, at least, highly improper.

In her surprise and vexation, the Earl only laughed at her request. He had been educated there, he said his father and grandfather. Fagging might not be pleasant; in fact, he had rather an indistinct impression to the contrary, but the present term in England had submitted to it. Eton had made him both a statesman and a minister; doubtless it would do the same for his son.

This was uttered in perfect good faith, for neither of the gentlemen was acquainted with modesty, and the noble speaker entertained too high a sense of his own personal merits to suppose it possible that the unconstitutional influence he exercised in the lower house, where he had indeed possessed and exhibited his talents to a considerable extent, had anything to do with his elevation.

William Thornton was a great favorite at Eton—not for his cleverness, for there were several who excelled him in that respect, but because he possessed one of those frank and generous spirits which, while they awaken kindly sympathies and loyalty and friendships, afford rich promise of the future man. In a word, he was popular in the true sense, and in the same ratio that the young Viscount was disliked.

Some natures are incapable of feeling gratitude, and Hilston's was one of them. William assisted him with his exercises, fought his battles for him—only, be it understood, when his *prowess* was put upon, or in the right—and yet his lordship hated him most cordially; hated him for his superiority, the mortifying sense of dependence upon him, but above all, for his not having succeeded in procuring his election into the crew of the "Nermaid," the great object of his ambition. Not even his protector's popularity could accomplish that.

The boys declared they would not have him, and there was an end of it.

Many of William's friends wondered at his manners. One blamed as "ill-breeding," but although the accusation was so indignantly repudiated that it never ventured to renew it, the change was not suppressed, and the youth had occasionally to endure cold looks and satirical words ere they had won them both for the chasm of once more meeting his fellow playfellow, Alice.

Of course it was not love that influenced him. Maidens smile and blushes mean more to—we never could understand the reason why—are regarded as learned authorities in such matters, would not become the supposition both ridiculous and preposterous.

Logically speaking, we doubt they would be in the right; for the blooms is not the fruit, but merely the sweet precursor.

The heart and flower have both their mysteries, which neither philosophy nor experience may read; their profoundest speculations only puzzle us.

Are not feelings and apparent motives resultants at the same conclusion, "*that such things are because they are*," would it not be as well to start from it at first?

The first of May was the birth-day of the Earl of Carlington; and, consequently, a great festival at the Holm. The immunity procured an address, which the steward read, and the children of the village school sang an ode to commemorate the anniversary, to which the heraldry and his arts-mercatic guests listened, seated in solemn state on a dais of the great hall.

Such had been the custom for centuries in the family, and the present head was a great stickler for old traditions; proof of which was not only in public but prin- &c.

It was upon the occasion of the we have just alluded to that his son was permitted to invite half-a-dozen of his school-fellows to see the stately magnificence of his paternal home, and join in the festivities for a week or of course, every one expected that William Thornton would be the first whom he selected, and probably the youth expected it himself.

It is an old proverb, but a very true one, that you have only to succeed in anything or any object to be envied, and fall in the bandcroft, to make an enemy for life. Hilston had never forgiven William's non-success in getting him elected into the Mermaid. It rankled in his mind, and he displayed its fitness by asking all the crew, with the exception of the one who had tried to secure his election, fought his battles, and every year paid his fees out him.

School-boys generally possess an indignant sense of injustice. The non-invited pronounced the conduct of the Viscount shabby, the invited openly thought it so; and one of these, Alfred Warton, William's great friend, positively refused to accept it; for which piece of quixotism, as Dandy, the head boy of the school, pronounced it, he called him a fool; but fool or not, he kept his word.

There were two lads of the name of Warton; the one at Eton we have just alluded to, and a younger, Harry, the orphans of a distinguished officer who had died in India, and remarkable for their strong affection for each other.

Alfred, the elder, though richly endowed by nature, both in person and understanding, did not think himself in any way superior to his younger brother, a delicate, thoughtful youth of fourteen, very reserved and shy. On the contrary, he invariably asserted that Harry excelled him, and, in proof to his own, which only required time to develop, he would point out and defended him in all his schoolboy quarrels, with a love as unstinting as it was beautiful.

If ever the voice of Alfred was heard in anger, in nine instances out of ten the bearer might be sure that some one had offended his brother, for he was quick and more patient on his own account.

At last it became necessary that Harry should go to quarrel with Harry was to provoke an encounter with Alfred, and, consequently, a combat of the cool, a quarrel or a battle rarely occurred.

"I am sorry, very sorry," observed William Thornton, as he strolled with his friend towards the Bells of Cassley, "that you have received an invitation to the Holm on my account."

"I did not receive it," replied the lad, the shadiness of Hilston." He was right. "Such a friend as you had been to him. It was not your fault they would not be asked. You had invited them. You tried hard enough to get him in."

"Harder than I shall ever do again," said the former; "for his conduct, to say the least of it, is unpardonable."

"You do not care about being invited to the Holm," continued Alfred, "for I am certain of that, although Walkers intimated that you had been left behind."

"He was right," quietly observed William. His companion appeared surprised.

"I did not know that you were to be invited to the Holm; but not for the reason Walters imagined," added the speaker.

"That I am sure you did not."

"It was to be a meeting—a friendly—a friendly—dear little playfellow—Hilston's cousin, whom I have known from childhood."

"I never knew that you had an acquaintance," observed his friend, archly.

"Did I say this?" exclaimed William.

Alfred smiled.

"You have traveled we on," said the speaker; "the playfellow of whom I spoke is a girl—the only child of a widowed mother, and lovely and beautiful as a fairy—but that I have known her—and frank, truthful, and loving as yourself. Nevertheless, I am sorry that you received an invitation to Hollin Park, for I am certain of that, although Walters intimated that you had been left behind."

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her escort a gentleman for whom she entertained a profound respect, Willis entered the parlor.

"Where now?" he asked, cheerily, thinking that they were all off for church.

"There, you should have come earlier, or not at all," cried Hester, laughing. "You must take one of Mr. Lockwood's ladies, for I shall not leave Mr. Sargent now, not even for you. But I'm so glad you have come to go with us. We are all going to hear that magnificent Oratorio of the Creation."

"You are?"

His tone and his look were very much disturbed.

"I told you so," said Marion, giving Hester a slight push in his back.

"Why, what ails you, Willie? You are not vexed because I was going without you? "

"Certainly not; but, Hester, I cannot go to such a place to-night. I did not think that you would."

"You surely do not think it wrong to go to listen to such music! I never was more clearly convinced," remarked the gentleman upon whose arm Hester leaned.

"I cannot enter into any argument upon the subject; but I must certainly visit some church in my church, and cross a ferry, and travel several miles to add a company to the Sabbath speculation," was the somewhat excited reply of Willis.

"You do not object to Miss Marry's going?" interrupted Mr. Sargent.

"She must not her own pleasure. I do not seek to control her; but if she goes it will be *purely* against my wishes."

"Provoking!" muttered some one.

"Then I shall stay at home," said Hester, seating herself in a rocking-chair very like a pet, upon the nearest chair.

"If you give up to be domineered over like this before marriage, what will it be afterward?" Mr. Mead, taking instant advantage of the variation of Hester.

"You'll find that there is truth if there is no poetry in what I told you about the Sabbath, my pet. You'll just sink down into a perfect slave, a nobody that can't say that her soul is her own, if you are going to give way so."

"Poor, foolish Hester!" uttered Alice, in a tone of provoking pity.

"I guess if you can believe in my own right I'll see what I dare to order me what I do and what I am not to do. It wouldn't be a penniless, fortune-hunting chap who should dare to set up a throne of sin, and show displeasure at what I chose to do. Ze, Hester, that you have given up your own right that you are not to be ruled by elder people's conscience."

All this time Willis had looked distressed half to death. When he alluded to Hester's conscience, and to his penniless condition was made, his before rather pale face flushed scarlet. His smile and innocent fraiseness worked as if he were under the most difficult that he were commanding his conscience; his hand and pacing the hand to his head, seemed about to speak, when Hester sprang up and ran to him.

With one arm about his neck she found the crowd of tormentors, and threw fiercely quelling at them in order to be silent.

"I make no mistake's conscience my law. I am no bondage to no man, nor ever shall be; I desire to do right that I may please God, not servitly to please man. I am servitly found." (Looking fondly upon Willis.) "but Willis knows better than I do the things that are right from the things that are wrong; therefore, I shall trust to his judgment until I am able to judge right for myself. As for his meditating adherence to the right in the according to unimportant things, Marion and sedate, I judge of and honor him for that more than the utmost approbation of sin. In a man who is careful never, even in the least things, to offend the God of his worship, I know that will need the heart of the woman of his love may fully and assuredly trust. The mighty God that you have built him with, my uncle can tell you was long ago swept away. And now not known this he would never have offered to me to marry me without which are of many thousands of any crowned king that the sun shines upon."

"My noble girl!" My noble, blessed child!" cried the good old uncle, running to embrace her once and her more happy lover. "I would that God had granted me such a daughter like you. You would be blessing enough to me that my heart has chosen, even though you went to him clad in rags and with not a penny under your name. You are not a poor orphan, as, through society to have been very loved for yourself as you are. I was induced to represent you. Your property is all secure, and enough. With Westbrook in the ever clear from the stigma which attaches itself to the name of a fortune-hunter, he has found a fortune, spy, a double one, in finding you."

In a few words subsequent to this scene Willis and Hester married, and went abroad, and spent a while in peace in their own elegant and comfortable home. Uncle Amos called delight was to spend his evenings with his pet Hester and her hardly has beloved husband.

Willis is now thought that he was ever a welcome and honored guest, when a baby boy appeared in Hester's arms, the old man was more frequent than ever in his visits; and when the dear little lad-ber became old enough to speak, and called him old "Grandpa," his delight transcended all reasonable bounds. Hester and Willis were frequently with the old man, with his precious burden, to the soft fingering of a reckless grandson, but, if, his rejuvinated action, he should break his own neck or the baby's.

THE DEVOTED WIFE.

BY SHERMAN MOONEY.

The action of the mind has never been clearly understood. The mind of a man and woman is the former as belonging to man, and the latter in ordinary; but the only true difference between the two has never been drawn, and never can be—because in instinct there seems at times to be the highest and most perfect powers of reason, and in reason the highest and most perfect powers of instinct.

In the lower creation animals—such as the dog, the horse, and the elephant—have been known to display a degree of mind that seemed to comprehend a rational consideration of the whole proceeding in which they have become actors; while man, on likewise receiving the natural order, has been known to be completely governed and controlled by sensations, and to radicalism, and which, in the animal, would have been called instinct merely.

Instinct itself can only be fairly understood as a controlling impulse, requiring the object it governs to perform certain things without consideration of causes or effect; and it has never been clearly demonstrated whether this is the action of the mind per se, or the action of a mind of sense. In either case, it is very wonderful—as in fact, for that matter, is everything connected with this wonderful universe—from the largest astronomical body, to the smallest animalcule.

One of the most remarkable cases, in illustration of our point—and which, by the way, may also serve to show the dangers of premature burial—occurred a great many years ago, during the persecutions in our Northern cities of that terrible scourge, pestilence, the yellow fever. The facts to which we refer were well attested at the time, were placed on record—and may now be in the recollection of some of our readers; and as the incidents were very thrilling in themselves, we claim the historian's privilege of making use of them.

At the time when the yellow fever was violently raging in the city of Boston—and there was a coming fracas with fear, were deserting their homes, and hurrying into stricken friends in the hands of strangers—when the hearse rumble of death-carts, with the solemn and appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!" were almost the only sounds that broke the dismal stillness of the streets—at that time, we say, a man in the prime of life, surrounded by his wife and little ones, was smitten by the devastating scourge.

Upon the first appearance of the fearful symptoms, the wife immediately gave her children into the care of some of her friends, with a request that they should be forthwith taken from the city to the country.

"And you must go with them!" said they.

"Not if my husband is to die!" was the reply of the wife of her husband—especially in his darkest hour of need."

"But he will die, and you become a victim also."

"As God wills!" was the firm reply.

But why remain, and thus expose yourself, and make your children orphans?"

"Would you have me leave my husband in the hands of strangers?"

"But he will soon become delirious, and know not who attends upon him."

"And I shall watch!" answered the devoted wife; "and should I survive, it will ever be a consolation to me to remember that I did my duty."

No remonstrance, no persuasion, could induce the devoted woman to leave her husband; and her beloved little ones with maternal tenderness—perhaps for the last time—she took them to God's care and her friends', and went back to the gloomy dwelling, which had till late been a bright and happy home. Already the contagion had set upon it—the sign which told the passers-by there was another victim of the pestilence within, which would probably soon be another harbor for those whose duty it was to bear the remains of the dead parted to the common sepulchre; but with the heroism of a martyr, the high-souled woman disdained to perish or to save.

We will not dwell with a physician's minuteness upon the alarming symptoms and progress of the disease. Suffice it to say, that the sick man soon became delirious, raved and tore his hair, in one of the best medical attendance which could be procured. And there was the devoted wife—pale as death—at that dreaded with, gradually sank, grew weaker and more weak, and at last lay perfectly helpless, rigid and cold in death.

In that solemn moment, when that fond wife, kneeling beside the corpse of him she loved, his cold hand clasped in hers, was engaged in the most loving and agonized soul in a prayer to heaven for strength and resignation to bear the awfully separation; in this solemn moment, when she was bending stirred in all the house except herself—and the night-lamp burned dim—and the clock, with its steady tick, as it measured time to her but not to him, made the only sound—a window near her also broke the dreary stillness—in that awful moment, we say, there came a low, mysterious rustling, which gradually increasing; and then the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" resounded along with the almost discerned street, striking a fearful chill to every one acquainted with the pestilence, and the fear-fevered eye to rest mournfully upon the beloved form that must soon by the living be beheld no more forever.

There were two or three ominous pauses of this dread, semi-lonely vehicle—two or three repetitions of the dismal cry—and then it seemed to pause before the very house, and enter the death-chamber, and the awful words, loud and chilling, of "Bring out your dead!" smote upon the ear of every heart of that poor, sorrow-stricken wife and mother.

"No dead here!" she cried, with a strange, unaccountable impulse, starting to her feet, clasping her husband's cold hand, and gazing upon him with upon the ghastly, withered form of him she loved: "No dead here! No, no! this is not dead! I will not dead! He still lives! He only sleeps! Great God! he only sleeps! You shall not take him from me!"

And as these sentences were uttered rapidly and wildly, heavy steps were heard advancing along the hall, and ascending the stairs with slow and measured tread. The next moment the door of the death-chamber was slowly opened, two men entered, and paused in astonishment at the fervor of the agonized wife, and a deep, gruff voice said—

"Is it over, good woman?"

"No, it is not over! Let my husband still live! He will soon recover!"

Without making a reply the foremost advanced, took up the light, and walked to the bed, held it close to the face of the ghastly form that lay there, and quietly observed—

"He's as dead as he ever will be!" Then turning to his companion, he said: "Back, and do your duty down!"

"No, no!" cried the startled with, throwing herself before them: "I tell you he is living, and will soon be well! He is not a subject for you! Come to-morrow, if you will, and then see the truth of my words—but touch him not to-night!"

"She raves, poor woman!" said the spokesman, "but we've got to do our duty."

"Back!" screamed the almost frantic wife—"you shall not touch him! Back, and do not another here, or the curse of Heaven will light upon you!"

The two men whispered together a few moments, and then the spokesman rejoined—

"We'll leave him be a half hour; but we come again; but if we was to leave him to eternity, God be his mercy!"

With this they slowly withdrew; and as they softened footing with their heavy tread upon the steps, the threw herself upon her knees, thanked God for the brief respite, and prayed with fervor and power to deliver her compassion from the already yawning grave.

Strange prayer was this to follow the other, in which she had sued for strength and resignation to bear the terribly parting! Wherefore the change? Why did she believe him living, who seemed dead but an hour since?

There he lay, ghastly and cold, without motion, without breath, without life. One half hour—an brief half hour—and they whose duty it was to quickly consign the dead to dust, that the awful contagion might not spread through mortal decay, would again be there to claim that beloved form.

There was not a moment to be lost! And with an invocation to Heaven for assistance, that true, willing wife began the seemingly hopeless task of restoring her dear partner to life, She chafed his temples, his body, his limbs, rubbed him to and fro on the bed, and called upon him in the most endearing terms.

He was thus engaged, using almost superhuman exertions, when there was heard within a chill of despair, the distant rumble of the rabble of the grave, and the appalling cry of "Bring out your dead!"

Nearer and nearer it comes—louder and louder sound those awful tones—still more actively and painfully she labors, and yet no sign of life—the heart beats, and breathing not.

Hark! there are signs along the hall—there is death-cart, with the accustomed load, upon the door—the door once more slowly opens, and with a suppressed shriek of agony the almost frantic wife once more turns and beholds those same grim, unsympathizing visages before her.

"We've come again for your dead!" said one, as both advanced toward the bed.

"Back!" shrieked the wife; "there is no dead for you here!"

The men still advanced, and came up to the corpse.

"Then here's perfect folly!" said the spokesman: "it's our duty to take away dead bodies wherever we find them, and to the city authorities we must obey. Come, my good woman, and let us take the body quietly. Don't take on so; it's got to be done; you can't keep it with you; and the sooner it's removed the less chance you'll have of escaping the same fate yourself."

"But my husband is not dead!" cried the wife, wringing her hands, and keeping her place between the body and them—"I swear for it."

"We can see, good woman, and our eyes tell us we must take away the pestilence within. Come, stand aside, and yield to what you can't avoid."

"But I tell you he is not dead!" cried she; "I tell you—and you shall not touch him!"

"Come, come, we've no time to spare our duty," said the man, more positively, attempting to put her aside.

"For God's sake, spare us!" she she shrieked, dropping down on her knees, clasping her hands, and lifting her face, already the image of death, to reach you! See! I am kneeling to you! I am kneeling to you! Oh, have pity on me! I shall be gone in a little longer! He will soon revive! He only sleeps!"

The men, perceiving that the only chance of getting at the corpse was by forcible means—careful of its guardian angel, again conferred together, and again agreed to give her another half hour.

Once more they withdrew, but with less sound the welcome sound of the departing footsteps of her enemies, and the wife turned her eyes upon the remainder that which to reason appeared hopeless—dead. Still cold and motionless, the head—almost sat him up in bed; bowed fiercely and from top to bottom, and the limbs—the unconscious upon his feet; and then worked with the will and strength of love and hope united with despair.

But vain were all her efforts. No life! no signs of life! Yet there was one faculty on; and what seemed to that nearly distracted woman but reason; in this dreadful struggle, when she was suffering stirred in all the house except herself—and the night-lamp burned dim—and the clock, with its steady tick, as it measured time to her but not to him, made the only sound—a window near her also broke the dreary stillness—in that awful moment, we say, there came a low, mysterious rustling, which gradually increasing; and then the appalling words, "Bring out your dead!" resounded along with the almost discerned street, striking a fearful chill to every one acquainted with the pestilence, and the fear-fevered eye to rest mournfully upon the beloved form that must soon by the living be beheld no more forever.

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But vain were all her efforts. No life! no signs of life! Yet there was one faculty on; and what seemed to that nearly distracted woman but reason; in this dreadful struggle, when she was suffering

BY "CASTLES IN SPAIN."

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN

I am the owner of great estates. Many of them lie in Spain. I am the owner of the finest art in Europe.

Lovely, beneath the loveliest skies,
Kissed by a warmer sun than under heaven
I near their glistening spires arise,
And fairy gardens, flowers of dreams,
They surround in fair and so serene,
And here no sorrow enters, nor a care,
I wandered had the angels seen
Such splendors in their Paradise.

Enchanted music, rich and low,
Was lasting in the perfumed air,
And hearts was mirrored in the flow
Of every murmuring crystal stream there.
And, by rose bliss, young virgins trod
Half clouded at the sweet delight;
And song drifts met the rising breeze,
And told their soft love or sad woe.

I know what lonely sea and deep,
Until I am by God's own alone
Are my beloved; but would keep
Them safe in my heart's deepest home.
For like the eternal tide of sea,
Still as I turned they sank from sight—
As I could turn not one moment
To grief give their treasures bright.

And there were many forms to see—
The warmth of each heart as intense—
If, I should say, to me in love,
And brightest of them all was mine.
But, by blue and crimson eyes
Shaded as me through a distance dim,
Until I left my God's own skies
And mortal soil, I must gaze on him.

Oh, I am rich, and I am poor,
Glancing are my spirits dear
I see him at my wanted place,
Even in my heaven my heart finds peace—
But changed and gloomy was thy fancy—
Farewell! I will not and shall not stay.
And mortal smile I heart thin say—
And from my life I must depart.
Neglect me those child pass away.

Then something wider than the dark
Of all the waves of ages swept
Between my spirit and its heaven
Rolled and rolled—and I was left
Alone with my heart and my pain,
And then, alone, I knew my loss.

Come walks, and talks, come looks of sight,
Come Time, and bring me my love.
Thy sad remembrance of my pain,
Thy sad remembrance of my pain,
Come with your rainbow and your mist
For there my heart's treasures, those lie buried,
Come with your pinions and orbital
Time hundred leaves, those broken walls.

THE FAST YOUNG LADY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Ten years ago I met her at Saratoga. She was engaged to a fast young man, who had just come into possession of a handsome fortune, and the way in which they astonished even some of the fashionable folks at the Springs was a caution. The young man and young woman were amusing enough. The young lady could swim, play at ten pins and billiards, and drive a four-in-hand with the best of the men and women. Some of a man about town, or a well skilled John Bull, she could not do the Lynn leach, with a handed waiter boy, a bright mulatto, behind her. She could ride astride, and was the envy of all the ladies of style that showed half the people. She could not make an entrance in a ball-room, and the details of which get into the newspapers, and have a place in the "Spice Box" of every fashionable circle.

But the fast young lady did not make an amiable, loving, devoted companion. Far from it. She was now a fast young wife, and led her husband a life all manner of extravagance. They were not many years in rounding the depth of the fortune which seemed to them was what enough to enjoy. It melted away like snow wreaths in the sunshine, and with a suddenness that stunned them. They fell from their dazzling pinnacle into the shadowy vale of poverty.

It was now that the fast young wife's true quality was proved. A weak, vain lover of the world she had been before, she could not live for that home life, domestic, useful retirement, in which so many hours of sorrow grow, and fill all the air with fragrance. She, no. She was the bold, brilliant, fast young wife still, and was not content to die of the valley, nor even the blushing rose, with not a spark of goodness in her heart, that so queenly beauty could give the corruption of vanity. And so, when the tempter knocked at her lovely window once and went out to him, leaving her deluded husband to talk his thorny path in life. Ten years ago I met her on the gay stage. Evil passions had changed her fearfully. Sensuality had killed and intellectuality remained, but it was plain that the fires which had burned so fiercely there were consuming her. They were the lake, and the sad dreams of her life closed. She drops, now, the fearful sleep of death. Yet her grave is without a monument or a flower, and no heart makes to be a loving pilgrimage.

So much for the fast young lady. At her graves was dazzling and brilliant, like the meteor's, it was quite as brief, and went out suddenly in eternal darkness. In the flash of her beauty she had hosts of friends and admirers, but no true lovers. In the and waning of life, there were none so poor, none so humble as to do her reverence, for she possessed no good qualities, these real things which are recognized by all as of sterling value. There was no pure affection, no sense of honor, no unselfish regard for others but only weak, passionate selfishness, and unbridled appetite. These which are despised by all, had ruined all.

EVEN GROWTH.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

What if a person's head were to be the only part of his person which grew? or what if his arms or his legs were to do all the growing, and his trunk were to remain of the size of that of a child? or what if one feature should be the only one upon the face that increased in size as the person advanced to childhood? Suppose, for instance, that the nose were to be the only feature which grew; or suppose it were the mouth, or the eyes! What a shocking sight would such things present, and how such a misfortune would be deplored!

It would be called deformity. And yet it would be but the body that was developed in the most valuable part of a man—the part which wastes, and crumbles, and decays; which is soon laid aside, to be hereafter re-fashioned perfect and incorruptible. How little, comparatively, should one care for what befalls that part of himself which is to last so short a time, and to be so speedily re-fashioned. But how a man's soul grows one would think should be a subject of constant and engrossing solicitude. Mind, which is, in its nature, immortal—which can never cease to feel the ill effects of its own growth—that is the thing to which the attention of every living man and woman should be directed. What is the use whatsoever of a nose—the want of symmetry of features—to the unseen spirit within, the immortal mind? Yet how slight is the mortification of a man whose appetites have predominated over his mind's affections, or whose passions have completely covered down his moral nature.

A man with nose have crowded out his sympathies, as swarming birds crowd out the rightful domain of a nest, and no one would be the less

HOW OFT WE TURN IN DEEP DELIGHT.

A Melody.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

How oft we turn in deep delight
To all the starry wreaths of Night;
Or the sublime gaudy morn
That wakes the golden world;
Or on the empty colored Even,
The quietest queen of summer's heaven—
And why?—it is that, of the human race,
The meanest hath claimed a deathless part.

But with a deeper gladness we
Behold that radiant mercury,
Dear woman's rosy lip and feet
So magic-through'd our being steal,
Sweeter than softest music breathed
Mid myrtles in the moonlight wreathed—
And why?—is it that she's the crowning gem,
Queen flower in Nature's perfect diadem.

Ye still a deeper gladness gleams,
Like morning over sheltered streams:
Upon our soul's deep waters lie
The sweetest smiles of infancy—
And why? Religion's seraph-fire
Burning in Heaven's own spotless shrine—
And why?—is it that there no well-watched,
Trusty and Gentleman are by Truth sheltered
as

Dear Lady! must there wonder now
That I must gaze on thy fair brow
In awe's delight, when thus I see
Beauty and Goodness joined in thee?
Ah, no! do, no! still let me gaze
On thy rich Beauty's raven, and rays
Of Mind, as on the wild majestic grace
That with a sparkle or thy modest face

ADVENTURE WITH A LION.

BY HELPSMAN GUNN, JR.

It was a warm, pleasant evening in November, and our ship was off the coast of Tripoli. A party of us, who had spent the afternoon ashore, had been conversing upon various subjects concerning the vast desert to the southward of us.

"I think you have travelled across the desert?" said one of our number, addressing the Captain.

"Not exactly," replied Captain Bushwick. "Some years ago I spent a few months in Abyssinia and the country south of it."

"Was it there you had your adventure with the lion?"

"Ah—you've heard of that scrape, eh?"

"Only that you had such an adventure, captain. Your mate told me you had met the animal."

"Well, I have; and if you would like to hear the yarn, I will tell it."

A vote was immediately and unanimously carried that Captain Bushwick have permission to relate his adventure; and without further preliminaries he proceeded:

"It is now five-and-twenty years since I took the notion to travel amongst the African savages. I had an uncle living in Hindoo, engaged in trade there, and I had spent one year with him. He was going into Abyssinia on business, and I accompanied him. Our party consisted of my uncle, myself, and four Nubian servants. The Nubians were faithful fellows, and long tried, and were, moreover, strong and fearless, having lived with my relative several years. When the business was over, I proposed that we should make a trip to the southward and see the country. The Nubians were anxious to go, and after a deal of persuasion my uncle consented to the arrangement.

"On the seventh day we reached a large lake upon the extreme southern border of Abyssinia, where we pitched our tent, and then went to hunting for game, we having been informed that we should find plenty of both fish and fowl in this region. Our luck was moderate, but more so than I had expected, and my uncle was beat upon returning. But I was determined not to have a few more trials.

"The only boat we had been able to find was a small canoe, fashioned from a log, and one morning I declared that I never could see a canoe in it if some one would accompany me. The canoe would not carry more than two of us—that was plain and safely, and as all four of the Nubians offered to go, I was obliged to make my own selection. So I took Carl, the youngest of the eight; but he being not much cool and keen in the presence of danger. I took my rifle and pistol, while Carl took his rifle and spear; and then equipped we set out. The canoe was easily managed, with the long oar proper place, and all went on finely until afternoon. It was very warm and sultry, and I had removed my jacket-coat, and had laid it in the bottom of the boat with my rifle. Carl had just proposed turning back when I saw a large flock of birds settle down upon a tree close by the shore, and I bade my companion direct the canoe in to that direction. He did not object, for he wanted a shot at those birds.

"We had come to within a dozen fathoms of the shore, when a quick, loud cry from Carl startled me from my aim, and on the instant I felt the canoe struck upon some hard substance.

"A rock!' I queried.

"'A hippopotamus!' the Nubian shouted, springing back towards me.

"Hardly had the words escaped his lips before a huge black head was lifted above the ripples, and as I met my eyes over into the water, I saw the whole body of the monster. It was no large as an elephant, but ten times more hideous in look. Its mouth was opened to a distance of three feet, or more, and its great teeth, all of a foot in length, looked like destruction itself. He seized the bows of our boat in his capacious jaws, and crushed it like an egg-shell. With all the force I could muster I heaved into the monster, and struck out for the shore. I never swam faster, though when I reached land I found that the hippopotamus had not followed us, having sunk to the bottom, probably as soon as he had destroyed the canoe.

"We were now in a quandary. We had come after twelve or fifteen miles from the camp, and we must find it back the best way we could. If we could have followed the shore the task would have been easy enough, but this we could not do, for a deep, dark swamp, overgrown with reeds and bushes, and guarded from, lay between us and our tent, so we must strike up into the country where the higher land, and miss the best of it. Our only weapons were two knives and Carl's spear. The latter he had grasped as he started from the boat, but the rifle and pistols were at the bottom of the lake. I bade my companion to take the lead, and he did so.

"For three hours we tugged on through a thick, matted forest, and at the end of that time we reached the edge of a wide expanse of rocky ground. There were clumps of bushes scattered over the place, but they looked dry and parched. Here we took an observation, and finally decided to keep down upon the right-hand side of the rocky plain, knowing that the lake must lie in that direction. By the time we had passed over half the length of the barren waste the sun was behind the trees. A little while afterwards, just as the dark shadows spread over the whole width of the plain, Carl uttered a low 'ha!' and placed his hand upon my arm.

"'Do you hear anything?' he asked me.

"I listened a moment, and told him, yes. 'Perhaps they are coming after us.'

"'Who are they?' said he.

"'Our party,' I answered.

"'That fellow walks on four feet, and has a weight equal to all the men we have left behind. Listen!'

"I did so, and could now plainly distinguish the tread of some heavy animal.

"'Is it a lion, do you think?'

I asked.

"Carl looked a moment and then, grasping me by the arm, he pointed into the woods.

"'Look!—See!—There he is!' he cried, whistling me back behind him and around as he spoke.

"'I did look—and I met sight—a sight that made my very heart leap. Not a rifle—not even a pistol!—and yet there—not twenty yards distant—was a huge Nubian lion crawling towards us. He had not seen us, for his eyes bore; I will not say the long tail swept from side to side, and his mane was bristling like the quills upon the fretful porcupine. I knew that I could not run, for the animal would overtake me in a few bounds, and I knew that I could not climb a tree, for the lion would follow me. I knew that I could not fight, for I had no weapon. I knew that I could not frighten him away, for he was not used to the subject from experience. It was time for him to try his diabolical arts upon the other.

"'Courage!—Do not be bitter by crying at once, Barbara Hermitage, and besides slaughtering your mother, they killed the Ship Priest. The vilest indecency to denying your religion, by following it in small, converted the Roberts' bodiesalso people from a peaceful to a religious man, and in time they became the men under the old Bishop of the Red Indian tribes, disposing of the Christian Bishop's property, and in the most bloody death of Bishop and Evangelical in public, after those of the Bible called Animal are a tame, and are not the men who carry the sacred circular wounds called the gavel, which has a hole in the center, and is ground at the edge so that the breakfast that it will glide through the neck of the victim in its course, and never hit the bone, as the Jew-killers have it a merit in them to kill men of a different creed; and when they have cut off a head with their figure of eight knife, they amuse by offering up their victim to the Sun-god. He consecrated with his knife. This is the signet at his having remained abroad so long, and considered the prolongation of his absence as a breach of their compact. The question is whether he could enforce the engagement or not. The Sun-god is not a god, but he would be very unwise to do so. What happiness could you have had with a wife who had been brought up to worship the Sun-god?